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ART. I.—*The History of the Romans under the Empire.* By Charles Merivale, B.D. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. London: Longman & Co. 1850.

IN bestowing a second notice on this book, we deviate from our usual practice. We are moved to this, not so much by the merit of the work, as by the importance of the undertaking, the literary claims of the writer, and our own intense dissent from his principles, representations, and judgments. The two volumes before us profess to be but an introduction to a very ample subject, and we regard it as the duty of reviewers faithfully to confess their convictions, when a historian seems to them to violate truth and to propagate error.

In our former notice of the work, we purposely reserved all consideration of its real hero, Caius Julius Cæsar, of whom, in fact, the two volumes before us might almost be called the biography. Concerning the balance of good and evil done by this distinguished man, as in the case of every one who overturns existing institutions, plenty of theories will always exist, which cannot be proved, nor yet disproved; but for this very reason they should have no place in history. When speaking of masses of men, we are totally ignorant as to what *might* and *could* have been; therefore, we do not know between what alternatives we are called to choose. What else might have happened, if Cæsar had not run his career,—if, for instance, he had been slain by

Sulla,—no human acuteness can tolerably guess. But we know very well, that his selfish ambition inflicted pangs of misery on millions of innocent bosoms, and destroyed for ever all germs of freedom in Rome. We insist on judging of men by their personal characters and direct aims, not by a theory concerning fate and might.

In all ancient history there is no man whose aims are so clearly marked and so undeniable, as those of Caius Cæsar. According to Mr. Merivale, indeed, he formed his schemes from an earlier age than we can admit; but at any rate from his ædileship in B.C. 65, to his death in 44, we see him for twenty-one years aiming directly to embroil the state, to insult the senate, and to raise himself above law. No one can prove that any good came from his course, which would not have better come without him; but we disclaim all attempts to reason *pro* or *con* on such topics. They are not to the purpose, unless any one alleges that Cæsar was moved to his course by philanthropy, or at least by some unselfish and abstract ideal, as by an admiration of monarchy. But, in fact, he had no idealism and no enthusiasm in him, but was essentially prosaic, materialistic, and utilitarian; an unbeliever in every thing spiritual and every thing unappreciable by the hard and worldly politician. He believed in gold and steel. He had no love for monarchy, except on the condition that he was himself to be monarch. He did not affect to think that the end of conquest was the welfare of the conquered, or that there was any better or higher end of Cæsar's battles, than that Cæsar might be great. He knew that Greece and Rome had owed all their greatness to their institutions, and that the despotism which ruined freedom in Greece had sunk her into weakness and degradation; yet he deliberately planned to inflict the same degradation on Rome, and deprive all his equals of that birthright, which he himself valued far above life, and which he knew to be equally dear to them all. He was fully aware, that the supremacy which he coveted could only be attained by slaughtering on the field of battle (if not by proscription) all Roman nobles who had spirit akin to his own; yet he did not shrink from his career on that account. So far was he from desiring good government (until he himself should be acknowledged as the sole and supreme governor), that he purposely aided the disorganizing violences, first of Catilina, next of Clodius; as we shall presently point out more distinctly. The great practical accomplishments of Cæsar, his talents in administration, his active thirst for knowledge, his amiable and engaging address, so far from being reasons for honouring, are precisely the grounds of abhorring his character and his course. Propped by these plausibilities, he counterfeited the part of a popular

man; declaimed against 'the oligarchs,' talked about freedom, and the rights of citizens, and rose by false pretences. He was no man of impulse and violence, like Catilina, or Clodius, or Antonius, but like Hannibal, was the most cool-headed man of his day, and even in his debauchery and lawlessness, never forgot to calculate how far he could *safely* indulge himself. His successes are notoriously due to the steadiness of his schemes, and the abnegation of all scruples concerning means and tools. If any character in political history deserves to be cursed, it is *the treacherous demagogue*, who fights a false battle for freedom, and by this hypocrisy throws suspicion on all true professions of public spirit. Such most eminently was Caius Cæsar.

When he entered public life he found Rome recovering from the dreadful feud of Sulla and Marius, and might have given valuable aid to heal its wounds. Catulus, the chief of the senate and of Sulla's aristocracy, was a mild, blameless, and universally respected man. Pompeius, by far the greatest of Sulla's generals, was popular in temperament, the darling of the soldiers and of the people; and while commanding the high respect of the aristocracy, nevertheless endeavoured to raise the depressed faction. Cæsar's three uncles, Caius, Marcus, and Lucius Cotta, had all belonged to Sulla's party; yet two of them at least were now inclining to the Marians, and they were all eminently moderate men. Crassus, the richest of the Romans, had more influence in the senate than any man but Catulus; but Crassus was not wedded to any exclusive aristocracy. He was the head of the monied interest, that is, of the knights, who had originally been the nucleus of the Marians. Nothing but the slaughter of his kinsmen had attached Crassus so intimately to Sulla; and now that an extravagant vengeance had more than quelled all harsh remembrances, Crassus was the natural leader of the middle classes. Young Cato, as quæstor, presently took the bold step of forcing Sulla's ruffians to refund monies paid to them for assassinations, and his proceeding was greatly praised. Cicero, already recognised as the ablest orator in Rome, was rising on the popular wave, yet was cautious and aristocratic in temperament, and was likely to be as efficient a helper in all moderate reforms and healing measures, as he would be averse to all violent ones. The Luculli and Hortensius, the Octavii, and Metellus Pius, the head of the Metelli, were all moderate and mild tempered men. In short, the old partisans of Sulla had split into two parts. Those who were honourable, humane, or respectable in character, alone retained any great public power; and so many of these were moving towards the Marians, that a recall of the exiles was to be hoped ere long; in fact, L. Cinna (a most offensive name) and the partisans of Sertorius, were soon

restored.* The fierce and unprincipled part of the Sullans found no place for themselves in the state, longed for new revolution, and already looked to Catilina as their leader. Such was the state of things at Rome when Cæsar began to show himself as an active politician. If he had desired the welfare of his country, no high genius was needed to tell him that he ought to join the party of pacification and progress. This he apparently did for a few years, so far as to derive credit with the people as Pompeius's supporter, and some aid from Pompeius himself; but as soon as this great man was withdrawn by the Mithridatic war, Cæsar during his ædileship flamed out as an avowed *Marian*. But as Catilina was now the leader of the only real *Sullans*, Cæsar was no *Marian* while playing into their hands by his unprincipled attack on C. Rabirius.

What moral theory Mr. Merivale holds concerning Cæsar's conduct we cannot positively assert; but apparently it is,—that in the public life of Rome, *all* were such scoundrels that it is absurd to criticise Cæsar, who was far better than the rest in his political *administration*. On this last point he tries to concentrate attention. We cannot admit that there was any depravity in the ascendant nobles to compare to that of Cæsar; but if in this respect they had been equal, it would not palliate his treacherous turning of the public forces against the state, and subjecting to his own arbitrary will the life, estate, and honour, of his countrymen and his equals. It is absurd to point to the fierce outcries of the enraged aristocracy against the partisans of the usurper as in the slightest degree aiding to justify the usurpation. Cæsar, no doubt, is fond of pretending that he is *not* a usurper; indeed, his whole history of the civil war is an elaborate attempt to make out that he was always most anxious to observe the constitution and to maintain peace. We do not think Mr. Merivale is simpleton enough to believe him, yet he often falls into language which is absurd from one who does *not* believe him, as if the whole controversy were between Cæsar and Pompeius, not between Cæsar and the constitution. If the senate and Pompeius take an unusual step in order *to uphold* Law and the State, this cannot justify Cæsar in some parallel step in order *to overthrow* Law and the State. Because Pompeius is to be at the head of a great army *to defend* the senate, may therefore Cæsar march into Italy *to attack* the senate? Such is

* Perhaps this was a general act, concerning *all* the political exiles. It is stated in Suetonius (Cæsar, 5), but the words are obscure: 'L. Cinnæ . . . reditum in civitatem rogatione Plotia confecit.' The connexion implies that this *rogatio Plotia* was a tribunician law, carried perhaps B.C. 69; but we do not find any notice of it in books of reference. The exiles thus restored were forbidden to hold office; a very mild restriction.

Cæsar's logic, and such, as far as we can make out, is Mr. Merivale's. He again and again makes the extravagant assumption, that Cæsar was the *bonâ fide* leader of 'the popular party,' 'the middle classes,' and credulously receives Cæsar's own gratuitous assertions, that all Italy longed for his presence.

A few lines of quotation will show Mr. Merivale's sympathies.

'Cæsar watched the tide of events for many anxious years, and threw himself upon it at the moment when its current was most irresistible. Favoured on numerous occasions by *the most brilliant good fortune*, he never lost the opportunities which were thus placed within his grasp. He neither indulged himself in sloth like Lucullus, nor wavered like Pompeius, nor shifted like Cicero, nor, like Cato, wrapped himself in impracticable pride; but, equally capable of commanding men and of courting them, of yielding to events and of moulding them, he maintained his course firmly and fearlessly, *without a single false step*, till he attained the topmost summit of human power.'—Vol. i. p. 105.

'He foresaw that the genuine Roman race *would be overwhelmed by the pressure of its alien subjects*; but he conceived *the magnificent idea*, far beyond the ordinary comprehension of his time, of reducing the whole of this mighty mass, in its utmost confusion, to that obedience to the rule of a single chieftain, which it scorned to render to *an exhausted nation*. He felt, from the first, the proud conviction, that his was the genius which could fuse all its elements into a new universal people; and the more he learnt to appreciate his contemporaries, the more was he persuaded that none among them was similarly endowed. *He aimed at destroying the moral ties, the principles or prejudices, by which the existing system of society was still imperfectly held together*. But he did so from no love of destruction or pride of power, but because he felt how obsolete and insecure they had become; and *because he trusted in his own resources to create new ideas in harmony with his new institutions*.'—*Ib.* p. 107.

We must solemnly protest against such admiration as revolutionary trash, worthy only of a Parisian Socialist. Some Caussidière or Ledru Rollin considers *the moral ties* of Louis Philippe's or of Louis Napoleon's government *to be obsolete and insecure*, and aims to destroy them, 'not through love of destruction, but from a trust in his own genius to create new ideas with new institutions!' And what was this magnificent idea which only Cæsar was large-hearted enough to conceive? It was—to cast the state under the foot of a military chief, and of a soldiery attached to him by pay and plunder. As the various nations of the Persian or Parthian empire, so should those of Rome become a new *universal people*, all equally subject to the rule of the great king, all equally certain to suffer decay and ruin from the caprices and insults of power. Such had been hitherto the uniform history of all military despotisms; such

also was the result to Rome. Her fall was slower, only because the administration under the republic had attained so high a military perfection, as to swallow up all the neighbouring civilized powers; and a very long decay was needed before mere barbarians could pull it down: nevertheless, it is abundantly clear that the whole strength of Rome had grown out of the republican roots, and that when these roots were torn up, the empire lost all vital union, and became a mere dead machine, held together only by disciplined and paid armies. Imperial Rome, like imperial Austria, was not, and could not be a nation; and to talk of a new universal people is to deceive us with fine words.

According to Mr. Merivale, Cæsar perceived that Rome was 'an exhausted nation,' certain to be 'overwhelmed by the pressure of its alien subjects.' What then does the sagacious statesman plan to relieve her from the pressure? Forsooth, he employs this exhausted nation in a ten years' campaign to conquer many *more* millions of aliens! Rome was not sufficiently liable to be swamped by her barbarian subjects, so he added all Gaul to the weight which was ready to drown her. The provinces, it seems, 'scorned to render obedience to this exhausted nation!' If this had been said during the career of Sertorius, when Mithridates also was defying Lucullus, or when Spartacus was ravaging Italy, it might have seemed plausible. But Cæsar first comes forward with his own peculiar policy just when Mithridates is conquered, and the whole empire is in profound subjection. Surely it is worse than puerile to pretend that Cæsar made himself military dictator in order to save Rome from being overwhelmed by her provincials. Nay, *he himself* marched masses of Gauls and Illyrians against Rome, and his successors trusted in no troops more than in their German guard.

To the Romans in imperial times, it was a natural illusion to imagine that Sulla foresaw Cæsar's greatness. We believe nothing of this, nor that Cæsar ever had any inclination to Marius or to his party; though in his 31st or 32nd year he began to put forward the *name* of Marius for a screen. When eighteen, he married the youthful daughter of Cinna; in consequence of which Cinna procured him a priesthood, which Sulla took away when Cæsar refused to divorce her and marry into a house of Sulla's faction; but had the dictator imputed this to sympathy with Marius, he would have proscribed so dangerous a youth. *All* Cæsar's kinsmen were of Sulla's party,* as far as we know

* Mr. Merivale (vol. i. p. 106) says that the father and grandfather of Cæsar are 'honourably recorded.' All that is known of the father is, that he was prætor in an unknown year, and did nothing that has been recorded, and that he

of them. The three brothers of his mother (C., M. and L. Cotta) all appear in office while the party is in strength. The two brothers, Lucius and Caius Vopiscus Cæsar, had been massacred by the Marians; nor was there any reason for regarding young Caius as the natural avenger* of this party barely because Marius had married his aunt.

Cæsar's first distinction was as a bold and fluent accuser;† (young men in those days so occupied themselves;) but his first popularity was owing to his profuse expenditure, when he was a candidate for the place of military tribune. His first elevation may denote that he was then identified with the party of the Cottas; for he was elected (B.C. 74) while absent from Rome, and apparently without any struggle, into the pontiffship vacated by the death of his uncle Caius;‡ though the power of the aristocracy had received no shock at Rome. We, therefore, do not believe that Cæsar was supposed at that time to be a Marian; it is even possible that the Cottas ostentatiously proclaimed his refusal to join the insurrection of Lepidus, in proof of his political orthodoxy. Meanwhile, the formidable attitude of Sertorius inculcated moderation very effectually on all the thoughtful Sullans.

Mr. Merivale, however, conceives far otherwise of the youthful Cæsar.

‘He was deeply meditating the part which he should play in political affairs. The great popular party of the last generation lay exhausted and shattered on the ground. *He determined to revive and consolidate it; and claimed, with the generous devotion of youth, to be the organ of its passions and the centre of its affections.* The boldness of his

married Aurelia. All that is known of the grandfather is, that he married a Marcia. In p. 114 Mr. Merivale says, that ‘the wealth of Cæsar's family was known.’ Perhaps he uses *family* in a wide sense, for in p. 116 he states truly that ‘his private fortune had never been large.’

* Merivale, p. 106: ‘the nephew’ Cæsar ‘inherited from his uncle’ Marius ‘the championship of the popular party.’ Marius was only his aunt's husband; the three Cottas were his uncles by blood.

† He accused first Cn. Dolabella, late proconsul of Macedonia, and next C. Antonius, an irregular captain of horse in Sulla's Achaian army. Both were acquitted. Mr. Merivale erroneously calls C. Antonius, *proconsul of Greece*. This is rather discreditable to a scholar, for *Greece* was not a Roman province. Perhaps he meant Achaia, though it is now disputed whether even that was yet a province. But surely he must have known that C. Antonius could not yet be proconsul. Asconius says of him (Tog. Cand., p. 84, Orelli), ‘C. Antonius multos in Achaia spoliaverat, nactus de exercitu Syllano equitum turmas.’

In the same place (p. 68), Mr. Merivale wrongly says, ‘we hear of only three cases of trial before that of Verres, viz. the two Dolabellas and C. Antonius.’ Besides, Terentius Varro was accused by young Appius Claudius, and M. Æmilius Lepidus by young Celer and Nepos Metellus.

‡ Velleius, p. 43.

demeanour in collision with the all-formidable dictator, *stamped him at once as a man fit to command. He seemed to leap at once into one of the niches of fame and popularity*, in which the figures of the great men of the day were admired and courted by the multitude. His next step was *to make himself conspicuous abroad, to form connexions for himself and his party among the nations and potentates beyond Italy, who were yearning for a nearer access to the privileges or favour of Rome.*—*Ib.* p. 110.

We believe all this to be simple romance; no proof is offered by Mr. Merivale in any of his references. Cæsar as yet was only known as a wilful, wild, profligate youth. He did, indeed, make himself 'conspicuous abroad,' and did 'form connexions for himself,' though not for 'his party, with a potentate beyond Italy;' namely, with Nicomedes, king of Bithynia. All the facts known to us about this, go into a small compass. Cæsar was sent by M. Thermus, the prætor, to bring a fleet from Bithynia, but instead of returning to Thermus, he stayed in the king's court, and received presents from him, no one could tell why; and after rejoining the army, he again resorted to the king without orders. These circumstances brought upon Cæsar scandalous imputations, which he could never wipe off; imputations to which, according to Suetonius* (who gives Cicero's exact words), Cicero did not hesitate to allude plainly in the senate in a direct address to Cæsar many years later, and Bibulus far more virulently in his public edicts.

This Nicomedes had been placed on his throne by C. Curio, probably with the stipulation that at his death the kingdom should become a Roman province; at any rate this king, like Attalus of Pergamus, executed a will, by which he made the Roman people heir to his kingdom.

Now will the reader retain his gravity, on learning that Mr. Merivale† imputes this act of the king to the influence gained by young Cæsar over him, and represents the Roman nobles as so angry at Cæsar's successful diplomacy, that they forge scandalous imputations against him! But the scandal seems to have arisen in the camp, from the events themselves; while the death of Nicomedes and the opening of his testament were not till some years later; nor is it possible to invent and give currency to such imputations at will, else many others besides Cæsar‡ would have been so assailed. Indeed, we cannot imagine what Mr. Merivale supposes to have been the sources of influence of this beardless youth with king Nicomedes. Did he offer him services at Rome? recommendations to the senate? introductions

* Julius Cæsar, p. 49. Cicero calls them '*Archilochia* in illum edicta Bibuli,' *Ad Attic.* ii. 21.

† Vol. i. p. 110, note.

‡ Mr. Merivale boldly says (vol. ii. p. 491), 'such attacks were common to Cæsar with every other man of dissipated habits.'

to the consuls? secret aid with the tribunes? Nay, at this very time Lucius Sulla was in the height of his power, the tribunate was practically silenced, the Marians were extinguished, Cæsar was little short of an exile himself. Did, then, either king Nicomedes or 'nations that were yearning for a nearer access to the privileges of Rome' covet young Cæsar's aid? or how was the old king likely to be wheedled by him into bequeathing his kingdom to the Roman people? or what had Cæsar to gain by that? What 'nations' are intended, Mr. Merivale leaves us to guess; we cannot believe that there were any such in Asia. At any rate, it is certain, that if Cæsar now became 'conspicuous abroad,' his notoriety was nothing that any partisan of his in ancient days wished to call to remembrance.

In the following, however, we read of new merits in the hero of the tale:—

'On his return to the city (A.U. 680),* Cæsar prepared to enter upon the career of public office, for which his extreme youth had hitherto disqualified him. He now began to pay his court to the people with systematic assiduity. . . . [Cæsar, as] candidate for the suffrages of the people, availed himself profusely of the arts of bribery and corruption, and carried out the lax morality of the day with characteristic energy. His private fortune had never been large; his wife's dowry had been seized by Sulla, and he found himself reduced to the greatest straits in supplying the demand of this policy. *But he drew boldly upon his own matchless self-confidence.* He borrowed of all his friends, and even of his rivals, &c.†—*Ib.* p. 115.

We cannot but think this mode of writing history very demoralizing: what is it, but to extol a man for impudence? By speaking of *the lax morality of the day*, Mr. Merivale insinuates a defence for Cæsar, to which he is not entitled. Let him carry his eye through the entire list of consuls, from Sulla's dictatorship to Cæsar's consulship, and see on how many names he could fix a charge of bribery and corruption. Such things existed in Rome, as they exist in England; but, as Cicero well argues in his defence of Murena (whose case could not stand Cato's severer rule), there is a moral distinction between *ordinary* and *extraordinary* payments to the people,—between 'treating' and bribery. When a candidate gave only those indulgences which he could not omit without seeming mean, we may censure the system, but we cannot call the individual

* This date is meant for B.C. 74. *Mr. Merivale omits* that he was elected into the priesthood of his uncle Cotta. Moreover, he had begun the career three years before, when he was elected tribune of the soldiers.

† Those who choose may believe that his rivals lent him money—we do not. Mr. Merivale gives no reference, but we presume that he takes this from some authority. (Does he possibly allude by anticipation to Cæsar's coalition with Bibulus for the ædileship? Suet. Cæs. 10.)

unprincipled. The evil of the system consists in its tendency to encroach perpetually, and grow into a base purchasing of votes; but so long as it retains a fixed condition, it involves no conscious degradation to the acceptor of the candidate's liberality. The voter receives 'tribute' with the air of a prince, and not the less gives his vote as he pleases. Here, the difference of *degree* is precisely that in which the immorality of the bribing candidate consists: and according to our moral notions, Mr. Merivale ought rather to have said,—*Cæsar, with characteristic impudence, came into the political arena as into a market, where he meant to purchase by unblushing corruption the favour which others won by condescensions and liberalities* which old custom had sanctioned.* If by 'the lax morality of the day' Mr. Merivale means to compare Cæsar with the Catilinarians, or with his own coadjutors Labienus, Vatinius, Clodius, Curio, Antonius, and the rest, Cæsar will indisputably pass muster. But if he is to be compared with the aristocratical party, as they were before his consulship, he must surely be judged an intensely immoral man, whose very accomplishments and plausibility make his conduct more odious. The names of the consulars* who voted against the Catilinarians will certainly not aid us in palliating Cæsar's bribery as 'the vice of the day.'

But Mr. Merivale is not satisfied with this; he even tries to raise Cæsar's reputation in this very point at the expense of Cato's! In speaking of Cæsar as canvassing for the consulate, he says:—

'Cæsar formed a coalition with a wealthy candidate, L. Lucceius; the nobles put forth all their strength on behalf of Bibulus, and contributed an immense sum to bribe the centuries. Even Cato joined in this audacious cabal; and thus by his example set the seal to the universal acknowledgment, that law was impotent and revolution inevitable.'—*Ib.* p. 190.

We are really disposed to retort the epithet *audacious* on Mr. Merivale, and call this 'an audacious misrepresentation.' He conceals the cardinal fact, that the flagitious bribery began with Cæsar and Lucceius; and that the other party imitated it only in self-defence, advising Bibulus to promise to the centuries, in case of his success, *the same amount* as Lucceius had promised for himself and Cæsar. Moreover, their motive was patriotic, not personal. It was not to push forward Bibulus, but to exclude Cæsar, whose extreme violence and contempt for law showed the danger which the state would incur if he became

* Silanus and Murena, Catulus, Servilius, the Luculli, Curio the elder, Torquatus, Mamercus, Lepidus, Gellius, Volcatius, Figulus, L. Cotta, L. Cæsar, C. Piso, M. Glabrio. Of these sixteen men, *one* only (C. Piso) was violently disposed. The rest are moderate and virtuous in comparison to Caius Cæsar.

consul. Their fears were verified by the event: from the day that he became consul, he gained an unconstitutional force, from which nothing but civil war could rescue the state. Yet Mr. Merivale is amazed at *their* audacity! Moreover, he asserts that Cato actively aided in their bribery; of which there is no proof. Of these events we have absolutely no information but from Suetonius;* who merely tells us that when the nobles had given this advice to Bibulus, 'many of them contributed money, and even Cato could not deny that such a largess (*largitio*) was for the public interest.' We have no reason to think that Cato even approved it. He might allow that they were actuated by patriotic designs, and were doing a thing of public utility, without either doing or advising it himself when he saw it to be a private immorality.

But how greedily does Mr. Merivale clutch at the idea of universal agreement that revolution was inevitable; thus paving the way to exculpate a usurper! Though, what if it *had* been so? If our parent must die, shall we therefore kill him before the time? Moreover, to effect the 'inevitable' catastrophe, needed all the energies, all the combination of moral and material resources, which Cæsar, by fifteen years of bloodshed, plunder, and universal confusion, was able to wield. In the plea before us, he is permitted to get the advantage of his own wrong. He has spent two millions sterling of borrowed money in corrupting the voters;—the other side at last begin to imitate him;—and the historian forthwith claps his hands at the confession of this 'audacious cabal,' that law is impotent and revolution inevitable! Moreover, because Dr. Arnold, in words of calm, but profound intensity, denounces the wickedness of Cæsar's career and the infinite miseries which it caused, Mr. Merivale regards him to have been 'prejudiced' against Cæsar!

But we have abandoned chronological order in following the topic of bribery. We recur to Cæsar's earlier conduct. Suetonius and Dion believe that this youth underwent a sudden change of character, from indolence and effeminacy to that of energetic ambition, while he was in Spain; and this seems every way probable. A young man of talent and energy, after trying all modes of sensuality and voluptuousness, becomes tired and sated with indulgences so finite, and begins to aspire after political greatness. But Mr. Merivale wishes to make him a politician from boyhood.

'There is really no trace of any such conversion in Cæsar's history. His morals were from the first as lax as *those of the youth of the time*

* Suet. Jul. Cæs. 19. This also is Mr. Merivale's own reference.

generally ; and his devotion to sensual pleasures continued through life to be little worthy of one who had so much both within and without him to exalt and purify his character. From the very outset of his career, he placed an object of political ambition before his eyes ; nor was he at any time more thoroughly in earnest than when he defied the dictation of Sulla in his earliest youth.'—*Ib.* p. 118.

No doubt he was *in earnest* when, at the age of eighteen, he refused to give up his youthful bride at Sulla's order ; but we see no *politics* there : to that we have adverted already. Nor can we allow the excuse for Cæsar's vices, that his morals were (only) as lax as *those of the youth of the time generally*. We must again protest that it is not true, unless he be compared with the Catilinarians, or with his own Clodian faction. In the list of Cæsar's assassins (younger men than he), there is *not one* on whom such ill repute of licentiousness rests as on Cæsar ; and if we look to the list of consuls who preceded him, we find the result of comparison equally unfavourable : had it been otherwise, the taunts of his political* adversaries could have been retorted, and, indeed, would never have been cast at him. No public man in Rome of those days, except Catilina, Clodius, and M. Antonius, appears to come near to Cæsar in the heartlessness of his amours. He cannot possibly have *loved* the numerous ladies whose homes he desolated. Mr. Merivale admits that, though he had three lawful wives in succession, he seduced the wives of Pompeius,† Lucullus, Crassus, Sulpicius, and Gabinus ; *five* consulars, including three most eminent names. How little would such a man spare humbler husbands ! His very soldiers, in songs too coarse for our language, warned the Italians to be beware of the ' baldheaded adulterer, who, after spending his Gaulish gold in provincial whoredoms, had been borrowing more at Rome.' So far, then, Mr. Merivale is right, that Cæsar never abandoned his youthful excesses ; his ' conversion ' consisted in becoming an energetic politician, who no longer made sensuality the whole *meal* of life, but only its ordinary *sauce*. Indeed, the immense risks of life and empire which Cæsar at

* As when Curio the elder publicly called Cæsar *omnium mulierum virum et omnium virorum mulierem*. The last words *perhaps* meant only effeminacy, but were purposely ambiguous.

† Merivale, vol. ii. p. 491. This is opposed to vol. i. p. 187, where he gives the reader to suppose that Pompeius divorced an innocent wife for an absurd political scheme.

The English reader may need to know, that as the marriage *custom* of Rome was in revolt against the ancient *law*, a Roman husband of those days had no legal redress. One of Cæsar's mistresses, Servilia, is imagined by Mr. Merivale to have been his original corrupter (vol. ii. p. 490). But she had a good reputation in B.C. 64, when she was married by Lucullus. She began her intrigue with Cæsar only in 63, when he was *thirty-seven years old*.

the age of fifty-two ran for Cleopatra,* imply that for once his habitually pampered passions had overcome his discretion; nor do we see reason to disbelieve the statement of Helvius Cinna,† that, at Cæsar's order, he had prepared the draught of a law, which was to allow Cæsar to take for his wives 'as many ladies as he pleased, and *whomever* he pleased,' though the death of Cæsar intervened before it could be carried. To increase our abhorrence, we read that he, by his own private authority, put to death one of his freedmen for having been guilty of an adultery‡ of which the husband did not complain; and while this high priest, dictator, and consul, was ordering a tribune to prepare the law which would have made it legitimate for him to tear§ any wife he pleased from her husband, he was imagining that he could restrain public licentiousness by his severe laws against adultery! It amazes us that an amiable and respectable man, such as we understand Mr. Merivale to be, shows no hearty hatred for such conduct, and manages to protest only in that faint tone which decorum exacts from a clergyman. What it was that Cæsar had 'both within and without him' to *purify* his character, we do not know; but this we see, that whatever there was of virtue, purity, moderation, among the public men of Rome, revolved in the same circles as Catulus, Pompeius, Cicero, Cato; and all that was worst in impurity, thievishness, and atrocity, revolved round Caius Cæsar: yet Mr. Merivale loses no opportunity of throwing odium and contempt on the constitutional party—representing them as selfish, overbearing, or tyrannical and cruel oligarchs—and exerts himself to varnish and recommend to the reader's interest and admiration, as a friend (forsooth) of the middle classes and of extended freedom, a man who knew not what virtue or religion meant, and who made freedom and constitutional law impossible in Europe, until the Roman armies and Roman civilization were swept away by

* We cannot perceive that Mr. Merivale feels with us anything peculiarly revolting in Cæsar's marrying Cleopatra to a little boy, her king-brother, while keeping her as his public mistress. (Dion, 42—44.) Mr. Merivale's notion of Cleopatra's 'fatal effect' on Cæsar's moral nature, will be derided even by those who cannot discern his enormous inaccuracies of fact.—Vol. ii. p. 344.

† Sueton. Jul. Cæs. 52.—Helvius Cinna was tribune of the people, and was killed by the mob through mistake after Cæsar's funeral. But this does not make anachronism in Suetonius, as Mr. Merivale hints. Cinna outlived Cæsar by full two days.

‡ Suet. Jul. Cæs. 48.

§ If any one thinks that it is too much to build on the words of Cinna's proposed law, '*quas et quot vellet uxores*,' it is enough to say, that Cæsar's uniform conduct shows that he would (when in supreme power) assuredly have made as free with the wives and daughters of all his subjects, as did the *imperatores* who followed him, from M. Antonius and Augustus downwards.

a torrent of barbarous invaders, to the infinite suffering of humanity.

It might appear that whatever the aristocracy do, or whatever law is carried, Merivale sees in it some mark of Cæsar's greatness, and some contumely put on him by his adversaries. Intriguers at Rome pretended that Ptolemy Alexander had bequeathed his kingdom to the Romans. The story is obscure and controverted.* One thing at least is clear, that Crassus and Cæsar each of them endeavoured to clutch Egypt as a Roman possession, and the aristocracy thwarted them both; yet, this (it seems) must have been intended as an express insult to Cæsar! Let us hear Mr. Merivale:—

‘Cæsar was now anxious to reap the first fruits of the fame (!) he had acquired, and relieve himself from some part of the load of his immense pecuniary obligations. He solicited the appointment to an extraordinary mission, for the purpose of *constituting the country [Egypt] a province of the empire*, and arranging its administration. The senate (?) however, in its jealousy of Pompeius (!), and of all who appeared to side with him, conceived (!) that Cæsar proposed to strengthen the hands of its general in the East, by adding to his enormous powers the control of one of the granaries of the city. Accordingly, *it peremptorily rejected the demand*,† and proceeded, in addition to *this insult* (!), for *the claim was fair and reasonable* (!!), to make another move against *its indignant enemy*. It made use of one of the tribunes, named Papius, to introduce a plebiscitum, decreeing the removal of all aliens from Rome. The pretence was, that strangers from the provinces flocked into the city and interfered with the popular elections. . . . But this blow was more particularly aimed at the Transpadane Gauls, who were anxious to exchange their Latin fran-

* To write positively on such a subject would be absurd; yet we will here venture our own version of the facts. Mr. Merivale assumes that Alexander I. is intended by Cicero; we rather believe it was Alexander II. This young man was captured by Mithridates in B.C. 88, but escaped to Sulla, and went with him to Rome. When the throne of Egypt became vacant in 81, Sulla sent him thither to claim the crown. He was received by the Egyptians on condition of marrying queen Cleopatra, but was slain by them the next year for murdering her. It was natural to Romans to assume that *a kingdom was theirs, to which they had sent a king*; and it is even possible that Sulla had exacted a promise from Alexander, that he would bequeath the kingdom to them, if he gained it. Of course the Romans would have ignored the rights of the Egyptians, if a genuine will had been produced; and they could now pretend that the king's murderers had destroyed the will. The senate actually did send ambassadors to Tyre to claim *a sum of money* which Alexander had there deposited, and had bequeathed to them; but though Crassus often pressed it, the senate felt that to seize *the kingdom* of Egypt on such a pretext, would be an outrage too scandalous.

† This is not what Suetonius says; but, that Cæsar could not carry a bill with *the people* by means of a *tribune*, because the aristocracy opposed it. Catulus, no doubt, convinced *the people* that it was a scandalous wickedness.

chise for that of Rome. *Cæsar, while passing through their country on his return from Spain, had listened affably to their representations, and they had gladly connected themselves with him as their patron and political adviser (?). This measure, therefore, seemed calculated to gall the popular leader, &c.*—*Ib.* p. 122.

On this we remark: 1. That Crassus, this same year, B.C. 65, as censor, desired to make Egypt tributary, but was hindered by the positive refusal of his colleague Catulus. Plutarch (Crassus, 13), calls it a *shameful and violent proposal*. 2. We see in Cæsar's Alexandrian war, that the Egyptians felt themselves to be wholly independent of Rome; nor does Cæsar then pretend anything about this will, but bases his intervention on other grounds. 3. In the debates about restoring Ptolemy Auletes, which hung over Rome for several years, it is manifest that the Romans knew they had no right to interfere with the Egyptians. 4. What kind of conscience has Mr. Merivale,* when he calls it a *fair and reasonable* proposal of Cæsar, to invade Egypt, revolutionize its institutions, eject its officers, and levy tribute from it, barely *because* a king of Egypt (if that be conceded) had chosen to bequeath it, against the will of his people, and for no public benefits done to them? 5. Where is the historian's fairness towards Catulus and the rest, when he does not know that any such will ever existed, or (if it did), that it was not made treacherously, before Alexander II. left Rome?

Then as to the Papian law, we notice: 1. There is no evidence that Papius was the tool of the senate, or that the *senate* was more unwilling than the *people* to extend the popular franchise. 2. The people were ordinarily indisposed to lessen the value of their own privileges by extending them; to attribute, therefore, the *Lex Papia* to the personal spite of the aristocracy against C. Cæsar is a gratuitous fancy. 3. It does not appear that Cæsar had as yet any patronage of the Transpadani. Crassus and Pompeius already desired to introduce them into the full franchise; and Crassus, as censor, might perhaps have effected it summarily, only that Catulus resisted. Cæsar, like other

* We are happy to add (though Mr. Merivale does not seem to be aware that he contradicts his former view), the following words from vol. ii. p. 331:—

'The whole of this episode in his eventful history,' viz. Cæsar's Alexandrian war, '*his arrogant dictation* to the rulers of a *foreign* people, his seizing and keeping in captivity the person of the sovereign, his discharging him on purpose that he might compromise himself by engaging in direct hostilities, and his taking advantage of his death to settle the succession and intrude a foreign army on the new monarch, form altogether a pregnant example of the craft and unscrupulousness of *Roman* ambition.' This is true, except that the Romans had men in plenty who abhorred such conduct. Such were not only Pompeius, Catulus, Cicero, Cato, but Lucullus, Hortensius, and the vulgar mass of the people, *whenever they were made to understand the facts.*

demagogues, seized on every question of the day, out of which he might fabricate 'political capital;' but to talk of his 'listening affably' to the Transpadanes, quite misrepresents his position. Suetonius, from whom this is taken, says merely, that '*he went to the Latin colonies, which were desirous of full citizenship*' [they did not *come to him*], and '*would have incited them to some violent deed*,' only that the consuls kept a strong force in hand from fear of it.

But we must proceed to his very characteristic attack on C. Rabirius. Thirty-six years before, the atrocious tribune Saturninus, after committing several murders on men in the garb of peace, and raising civil war in Rome, was shut up in the Capitol; and at the vote of the senate, the consul C. Marius called a general levy against him. He was captured, and put to death as a public enemy. Whether such an execution was constitutionally lawful, was a controverted point. There were several laws against it, yet other decisions had justified violations of them. So long as the senate could thus arm the consuls, it was hard for insurrection to prevail. *By* this process the Gracchi had been iniquitously slain; yet, unless the ordinary criminal law of Rome were made far more stringent, the public peace could not be kept against desperate men *without* some such process in reserve. The conspiracy of Catilina was now impending, and it was a general belief that only accident had hindered it breaking out earlier. At this terrible moment, Cæsar employed himself to paralyze the government, by prompting a capital accusation against old C. Rabirius, for having been in the ranks of Marius against Saturninus thirty-six years before. The process, as well as the charge, is admitted by Mr. Merivale to have been 'monstrously iniquitous' (we have not room for * details); but he adds—we know not whether admiringly—'its very extravagance might evince in the most glaring manner the determination of the popular leaders [Cæsar and Labienus] to drive the senate to extremity.' Rabirius was defended by the consul Cicero; but Labienus, as tribune and accuser, arbitrarily forbade Cicero to speak for longer than half an hour! in consequence

* We do not agree with Mr. Merivale's view of the details; but the case is a perplexed one. His notion that the prætor Metellus was secretly in concert with the prosecutors is to us unpalatable and gratuitous. But when he calls the excited populace 'blood-thirsty' (because it was almost tricked into condemning Rabirius by the wicked craft of Cæsar and of Labienus), and has not a word of indignation and reproof for Cæsar, he tries our patience severely.

It illustrates Cæsar's hypocrisy, that while affecting to be a Marian, he thus attacked Rabirius for having followed the standard of Marius. But Marius was *then* on the side of order against a murderer and revolutionist. Cæsar was inwardly consistent in disowning Marius in such a connexion.

Rabirius is said to have been saved only by a formal artifice of the prætor Metellus. Now, while Mr. Merivale admires Cæsar for being thus 'indefatigable in harassing the aristocracy,' he omits to remark that he was playing into the hands of Catilina. In fact, *if* Rabirius had been condemned, the result of Catilina's conspiracy might have been reversed; and it was inevitable for thoughtful Romans to believe that Cæsar wished well to the conspirators, even if he had been too cautious to join them. Yet with these facts before him, Mr. Merivale treats the suspicion that fell on Cæsar as a black and wicked invention, indicative of the blind hatred entertained against him.

Soon after, the place of high priest became vacant by the death of Metellus Pius, and Catulus and Servilius, aged and honoured men, became candidates for it; but Cæsar carried it away from them by dint of enormous bribery. We refrain to express what we feel at the sympathy which Mr. Merivale shows with Cæsar for success in such a contest and by such means. ('Cæsar,' he says, 'knew his own position, and had calculated *his own resources*, &c.') But what follows is still more disgraceful to Cæsar, and to all who do not abhor his conduct. The next year, he was prætor.

'On the 1st of January, when the consuls entered upon their duties, it was customary for all the chief men, the magistrates and dignitaries of the state, to proceed to the Capitol, and there offer them their solemn greetings. Cæsar, however, instead of assisting in this act of official courtesy, took advantage of the absence of his colleagues and rivals to address the people in the forum, and to propose that *Catulus should be deprived by their vote of the honours due to him as the restorer of the temple of Jupiter*, which was now on the point of completion. That august edifice, the glory of the city and of the empire, had suffered severely in the conflagration which took place during the conflict of Sulla and Marius. The charge of restoring it in a manner worthy of the extended greatness of the Republic had been assigned to Catulus, as *prince of the senate and the most illustrious of all her citizens*. He had accepted the commission with pride, and bestowed infinite care on its execution; *nor had he shrunk from incurring vast personal expense*, that his name might deserve to be inscribed on its front by his grateful countrymen. *Cæsar brought forward a charge of peculation* against him, and demanded the production of his accounts, &c. &c.* This attack was perhaps not seriously meant† to succeed. (!!) It answered the purpose of enraging and alarming the nobles, of thwarting a personal enemy, above all, of menacing the aristocracy *with the vengeance of the chieftain* [*chieftain?*] they distrusted.'—*Ib.* p. 147.

* *Theft* is Dion's word.

† The process was illegal; but so was that of the Julia Lex Agraria, to which, nevertheless, Cæsar, as consul, forced the senate to take oath.

In a note, Mr. Merivale adds, that *the senate* afterwards decreed that the name of Catulus should be erased from the temple, and that of Cæsar substituted. He neglects to remark, that, as it was in B.C. 46, when the 'senate' was a mere tool for endorsing Cæsar's decrees, this fills up the measure of Cæsar's meanness. So also (Cicero complains), that as prætor, Cæsar insulted Catulus, by forcing him to speak on the flat ground and not from the platform,—a most offensive abuse of official power towards the most blameless of the aristocracy and the chief of the senate. Mr. Merivale has no right to call Catulus 'the personal enemy' of Cæsar. In the same way he would neutralize Cicero's evidence against Catiline, and Cato's against Cæsar. It was not *the persons* of Catilina and of Cæsar, but their wicked projects, which Catulus, Cicero, and Cato opposed. Catulus was old enough to be Cæsar's father, and came into no rivalry with him except for the high priesthood. It is, however, probable that Cæsar had been informed that Catulus had blamed Cicero for not proceeding against Cæsar as a Catilinarian (Plut. Cæs. 7); and this may explain the ebullitions of discreditable spite* in so very cool-headed a man.

But we must concentrate our attention on Cæsar's behaviour as prætor and as consul. The first day of his prætorship we have seen dishonoured by his malignant and shameless attack on Catulus. Simultaneously he allied himself publicly with Metellus Nepos, who, as tribune, was assailing the ex-consul Cicero for having obeyed the senate's vote against the Catilinarians.† By the courage and obstinacy of Cato, who was also tribune, Nepos was defeated, else the cause of Catilina might still have prevailed. The senate, in such a crisis, since Catilina was actually in arms, took steps which Mr. Merivale thus describes:—

'The senate . . . ventured to suspend *by main force* [*i.e.* by a decree!] both Nepos and Cæsar from the functions to which they had been *duly elected* by the people. . . . He refused to quit his tribunal *till compelled by a military force*. . . . whereupon he . . . *retired with dignity* to his private dwelling. The populace now assembled to avenge the

* If any one ask,—Who, of all Cæsar's eminent contemporaries, were the two men of greatest frankness, magnanimity, and conscientiousness? we must probably answer, Catulus and Cato. Both of these Cæsar persecuted, alive and dead, with mean insult: and why? Because they spoke truth concerning his treasonable intentions.

† The defence set up for Cæsar is, that though he did not sympathize with Catilina, he still could not bear to see the constitution violated in the *mode* of suppressing the conspiracy! Yet no man who ever held a magistracy in Rome threw such studied contempt on legality and the constitution as Cæsar, of which his consulship is a sufficient specimen.

insult offered to their favourite. *A riot ensued, which compelled the consuls to retrace their steps*, not without the most obsequious expressions of respect and deference to him. *Suet. Jul. 16.*—*Ib.* p. 158.

This is *not* what Suetonius says; but that, when Cæsar found that the senate were *prepared* to compel him, if he resisted, he gave way, and effectually exerted himself to tranquillize the mob which *offered* to riot in his cause; that the senate was so agreeably surprised at his conduct that they immediately passed a vote of thanks, to be conveyed to him through the first men of the state (the insulted Catulus was princeps!); sent for him into the senate to express their high approbation, and cancelled their decree against him—so anxious were they to welcome every beginning of more honourable conduct in him; so unwilling to allow a man of his family and talent to be identified with the party of disorder. Yet this, we see, is totally misquoted by Mr. Merivale. Indeed, he proceeds to fasten on ‘the chiefs of the senate’ the guilt of false accusation, through the Catilinarian deponents, Vettius and Curius, who now accused Cæsar as an accomplice.

‘It is hardly to be supposed that these wretches* would have ventured to assail the champion of the people, *unless they had received some direct encouragement from some of the chiefs of the senate*. Cæsar, with his usual decision, went straightway to Cicero, and engaged him to remove any suspicion of his criminality. The late consul *declared publicly*, that it was *by Cæsar himself* that the first intimation of the danger had been made to him. It does not appear whether this had been really the fact; but *the testimony of Cicero could not be discredited*. Not only was Cæsar *acquitted*, but the reward assigned to Curius as the supposed discoverer of the plot was taken from him, and *handed over to the object of his calumny*. Vettius was sacrificed to the wrath of the people, and thrown into prison; nor did Novius, the quæstor, who had ventured to allow his superior magistrate to be cited before his tribunal, escape a similar chastisement. *Suet. Jul. 17.*—*Ib.* p. 159.

We are sorry to have so much to say on this.—1. It is not correct that the reward of discovery was ‘handed over to Cæsar;’ it was merely refused to Curius. 2. Nor is it said by Suetonius that Cicero gave any ‘testimony’ to Cæsar, but only that Cæsar *implored* Cicero to confirm his statement. If Cicero had given any distinct testimony, we should have heard of it from Sallust and Plutarch. 3. Cæsar was *not* ‘acquitted;’ there was no

* Yet Mr. Merivale does *not* call Catilina a ‘wretch!’ Curius joined the plot in its infancy, when its full wickedness may have been less clear to him. These informers ought not to be thought worse men than Nepos and Cæsar, who fostered the Catilinarians after the complete evidence had come out against them. By Mr. Merivale’s confession, Cæsar was a false accuser against C. Rabirius and Catulus. On the other hand, it is not at all to be assumed that Vettius and Curius did not *believe* Cæsar an accomplice of Catilina, whether they had or had not adequate legal proof.

trial, and no voting. The senate were anxious to stop the informations, as is clear in Dion's account, and were certain to catch at any formalities which enabled them to turn a deaf ear. 4. Nothing could be more embarrassing to the senate than such an accusation against the man whom they had just reinstated with extraordinary honour; and to imagine that they were maliciously planning this attack *while* so honouring him, is to suppose them downright fools. It would overstrain their power to suspend him again, and in fact on the same suspicion: they could not but leave him in office till his year expired; even then to prosecute him would be a most arduous thing, if he were ever so guilty, and not half so popular.* 5. Catulus and C. Piso had, no doubt, wished Cicero to impeach Cæsar in the preceding year, when Cicero was in office and Cæsar a private man; but the case was now reversed; to impeach him was no longer possible, and therefore they had too gladly jumped at the vain hope of reconciling him. 6. Vettius was *not* 'sacrificed to the wrath of the people,' at least by *the senate*, as a reader will imagine; it was Cæsar *himself*, by his arbitrary power as a magistrate, who made Vettius his victim. Suetonius says, 'he seized pledges from him, plundered his furniture, and cast him into prison, after he had been sadly beaten, and almost torn in pieces' [by Cæsar's bullies or partisans] 'before the rostra in the midst of the assembly,' where Cæsar brought him to his bar. All this was done far more quickly than a senate could be summoned to deliberate about it; and Cæsar knew well that he might indulge the sweets of vengeance fearlessly. 7. It was likewise Cæsar's single will which imprisoned Novius for receiving an indictment against Cæsar.

The same Vettius reappears in Cæsar's consulship, as a conspirator who pretends to reveal an extended plot against the life of Pompeius.† None had anything to gain by the plot being believed but the party of Cæsar; and there was a firm belief among the ancients that Cæsar was its author. But Vettius was so indiscreet as to overdo his part, exactly as before. He was imprisoned by the senate's order, and killed secretly. Cicero and Suetonius attribute his death to Cæsar, or to his tool Vatinus. It was Cæsar's duty, as consul, to inquire into Vettius's

* Lentulus and Cethegus had confessed their seals and letters in the senate, and the evidence was overpowering; yet the senate knew that their condemnation by the ordinary process of law would be most uncertain, and *therefore* ordered their execution. It was probably from a sense of the extreme difficulty of getting a conviction, that Cicero refused to prosecute Cæsar, whatever his own suspicions or belief of his guilt.

† Mr. Merivale follows Dion and Appian in saying, 'Pompeius and Cæsar,' but Cicero (Att. ii. 24, in Vatin. 10) omits to name Cæsar, and his omission seems to us decisive.

death, but, as Appian remarks, he refused to inquire. Yet Mr. Merivale chooses to exculpate * Cæsar, and to impute the plot to young Curio, with whom Vettius first tampered, and leaves the idea of Vettius's suicide open as a possibility, though none of the ancients believed it.

Mr. Merivale ends this dark tale with one more eccentricity, when he says that young Curio and his aristocratic section must be 'content alone to bear the suspicion of any act of unusual enormity *ascribed generally to a party* which reckoned among its leaders such honourable men as Lucullus, Cato, and Cicero.' By 'unusual enormity' he must mean the real attempt to assassinate Pompeius? Yet no one but Vettius 'ascribed this to the party generally.' Does Mr. Merivale mean that the plot was generally believed? It is rather hard to say that Curio and M. Antonius, barely because they were abandoned young men, must be 'content' to bear the imputation of a crime which was never committed, and in all probability was never intended. Mr. Merivale seems to wish to leave some stigma on 'the aristocrats' by this suspicion; but he overdoes his work, for this section of them is precisely the one which ere long gravitated to Caius Cæsar.

After his prætorship in Rome, Cæsar became prætor in Spain. His debts were now at their maximum, and exceeded his means by more than two millions sterling; but Crassus aided him, and he hurried irregularly to his province. Now for Mr. Merivale's idea of the right of encroaching on 'barbarians.'

'The provincial governors lived in a state of almost perpetual warfare with the petty chieftains [of Lusitania]. . . *The crime of the officers who represented the majesty of Rome was not so much their encroachments on the rights and liberties of an IMPLACABLE ENEMY, as the hasty and INCOMPLETE method of warfare which they adopted.* They struck their blows at random, not for the ultimate security of the interests committed to their care, but for the gratification of their personal ambition or avarice, and persevered in no definite plan of conquest. Cæsar seems to have acted with a different sense of his duty as a provincial governor.'—*Ib.* p. 174.

After this follows a high eulogy on Cæsar's internal adminis-

* Because Vettius would not have accused M. Brutus *if* Cæsar had been the prompter! Why, it is one of Cicero's reasons for believing that Cæsar *was* the prompter, that Vettius withdrew Brutus's name on the second day, which denoted Servilia's influence. In young Curio (a jocund voluptuary and clever fellow) such a plot would be alike wicked and stupid; Cicero distinctly saw that Cæsar's policy was served by it. But when it miscarried, then it would become necessary to Cæsar's safety to make away with Vettius.

tration, which nevertheless is concluded by these significant words :—

‘ At the same time he did not neglect *the main object* of his own visit to the country. *He amassed a considerable treasure for himself, and took care to satisfy the cupidity of his followers and soldiers in due proportion.*’

That no man at Rome, except Lucullus, could do more for a province, *consistently with the object of enriching himself*, than Cæsar, we fully believe ; but when he went out immersed with debt, and came back rich* in a single year, we may be sure that he was still more anxious to plunder than to administer. Now let us listen to Suetonius and to Dion :—

‘ When he held proconsular authority in Spain, he received money from the allies, which he *begged* of them [emendicatas] to relieve his debts : and he plundered in hostile fashion certain towns of the Lusitanians, *although they offered to obey him, and opened their gates to him when he came.*’—Suet. 54.

‘ Cæsar might, with little trouble, have put a stop to the robberies which always went on in these countries, but he did not wish to have quiet. . . . *It being in his power, as I said, to have peace*, he turned to Mount Herminium, and ordered its inhabitants to remove to the flat country, *under pretence* that they might not sally from strongholds to plunder, but *in fact, knowing that they would refuse, and that he should so get an occasion for war, &c. &c.*’—Dion, 37—52. [Who then is the ‘implacable enemy,’ Cæsar or the Lusitanians?]

The reader will conjecture the rest. Cæsar acted with no greater treachery than was frequent with Roman generals (who, moreover, have plenty of imitators among the moderns) ; but how much more humane was Pompeius’s behaviour to foreigners ! how different the result of Cicero’s provincial administration ! Cicero came back from Cilicia with the blessings of the provincials, but with an empty purse, and with ill-will from those Romans whom he would not permit to ravage and peculate. On the contrary, this lucky Cæsar sends treasure to Rome, pays off his own debts, gives plunder to his troops, and returns home (comparatively) rich ; *and yet* we are to believe he administered the province well, because he laid down the law of debtor and creditor sensibly and equitably ! But we must ask, whence came this great supply of wealth ? Mr. Merivale virtually replies, Not from the province, but from the ‘hungry’ mountaineers whom he wisely made tributary to Rome. If so, it is at least manifest that Cæsar and his troops were the *hungry* wolves, and that the people from whom he got spoil so ample, were rather a golden-fleeced flock than rude barbarians.

* Plut. Cæs. 12.

We have already exposed Mr. Merivale's misrepresentation of the bribery by which Cæsar gained his consulship. We proceed to a still worse instance of the same, in regard to the violences by which he carried his agrarian law as consul.

'As the absence of one consul prevented the other from convoking the senate, it was hoped that this secession [of Bibulus] would cripple the power which Cæsar was threatening to use against his opponents; but he, nothing daunted, convened the popular assemblies whenever he had occasion, and proposed and carried whatever measures he chose. In this way he passed an agrarian law, similar to that of Flavius. . . . The party who met at the house of Bibulus counselled a sudden attack upon Cæsar's supporters in the comitia; and the consul of the nobles rushed sword in hand into the midst of the assembly, challenging his colleague to an appeal to arms. But his friends were outnumbered, and forced to exert all their efforts to save their champion and bear him off to a place of security. Cato distinguished himself in this unseemly riot by pushing through the crowd to the rostrum, protected by the inviolability of his office; but the harangue which he commenced enjoyed no such privilege, and was soon drowned in the uproar which it excited. Cæsar was less scrupulous than even the city populace, and ordered his lictors to seize the tribune and drag him from the place. Lucullus, old and feeble, was grievously ill-treated, and only saved his life by throwing himself at his enemy's (!) feet. When the bill had been thus passed by the people, the victorious consul required the senators to ratify it by an oath of obedience. By threatening to obtain an enactment to make refusal capital, he succeeded in forcing it down the throats of Cato and his staunchest adherents.'—*Ib.* p. 194.

The coarse violence of Cæsar is thus admitted by Mr. Merivale; yet he writes as one sympathizing and admiring;—as if the 'unseemly riot' were Cato's fault;—and tries to put the other party in the wrong, by alleging that they began the attack. Now the fact is, that they were *unarmed*. Bibulus did not hold up 'his sword,' but *bared his throat* to the adversary. Mr. Merivale had the passage of Appian open before him. He has quoted from it, for our instruction, a bit of constitutional law (a rare thing in his volumes), which is a mere blunder of Appian's; that *one* consul could not convoke the senate! But Appian goes on to say that Bibulus ἀπεγύμνον τὴν σφαγὴν, 'bared his throat,' not his 'sword;' and we prefer to impute to Mr. Merivale extreme haste, confusion, and forgetfulness of his Greek, rather than suppose that he has wilfully distorted the history. But all the narratives agree that the outrage and violence, from beginning to end, lay with Cæsar.

His partisans went to the meeting with hidden daggers (*Appian*). Bibulus came only in his dress of office, and with his rods. Several of the tribunes who were with him were wounded by the men with daggers; the rods were broken,

Bibulus's state dress was torn off, and a basket of dung emptied on his head. (*Plut. Cato.*) But he, nothing dismayed, *bared his throat*, and shouted to Cæsar's friends to come and finish their work. 'For if,' said he, 'I cannot persuade Cæsar to do justice, yet at least by my death I will cast pollution and a curse upon him.' But javelins were thrown thick, and numbers of Bibulus's friends were wounded; so that at length all ran off at speed, except Cato, who withdrew last and slowly. Thus left master of the field, Cæsar carried his law, and after it a second law, to pronounce death on every senator* who did not swear to observe the former. Well might Plutarch say, that 'men were *disgusted with the enormity* of Cæsar's consulship.'

But we have not finished Mr. Merivale's mistakes. Cato was *not* tribune; this our historian ought to have known, for he has already described him as tribune three years before. The arrest of Cato, which he here tells of, did not take place during the riot, but in the senate: the indignity to Lucullus is also gratuitously mixed up with this affair. The case of Cato was this:†—He spoke in the senate against allowing Cæsar to have Gaul and Illyricum for five years, on which Cæsar *dragged him out of the senate-house* by a lictor and sent him to prison. He went quietly, and disdained to appeal to a tribune, which at last forced Cæsar to contrive an appeal himself. Of Lucullus's affair, all that we know is from the following words of Suetonius, on which Mr. Merivale grounds his extravagantly different account:—'When [at some time in this year] L. Lucullus freely opposed Cæsar, Cæsar inspired into him so great a terror of false accusation (*calumniarum*), that Lucullus dropped on his knees before him.' No doubt he threatened to impeach Lucullus for the great fortune‡ he had accumulated in Asia; and as Lucullus's conscience was far from clear, he became greatly alarmed.

* Appian says that the people and senators had to swear; Plutarch (*Cato*, 32) that all the senators. Appian says that 'death' was the penalty; Plutarch, 'great punishments.' Cicero, indeed, appears (*Attic.* ii. 18) to limit the oath to *candidates for office*; yet it is hard to reject Plutarch's detailed account of the difficulty Cicero had to overcome Cato's reluctance to swear.

We suppose Mr. Merivale's statement, that Cæsar '*threatened to make it capital*,' is his interpretation of Appian's imperfect tense, ὁ δῆμος ἐπεκύρου, ii. C. B. 12.

† *Plut. Cæs.*, 14; *Dion*, 38, 3; *Suet. Cæs.*, 20.—Suetonius calls it '*Catonem interpellantem*.' Of course Cato was forced *egredi relationem* in order to speak on a topic on which the consul had not asked his opinion.

‡ C. Memmius attacked him on this ground when he returned from Asia, and the aristocracy with difficulty got the vote for Lucullus's triumph. *Plut. Luc.* 37. We believe Lucullus not to have been guiltless, but in comparison with Cæsar he was truly forbearing. Cæsar 'in Gaul plundered shrines and temples of their offerings; pulled down cities, oftener to get spoil

Mr. Merivale neglects to inform the reader that it was a fixed constitutional principle in Rome, that every *consular law* should first receive the *approbation of the senate*,* after which it came before the assembly of the *centuries* in the field of Mars; but Cæsar brought forward his law without this approbation, and passed it in the forum, apparently by the votes of the tribes, as if he had been a tribune of the plebs. Independently, however, of this, it is clear that in his consulship he set up mobrule, and through it exercised a despotism. In fact, few of the senators chose to expose themselves to violence by attending the senate; on which a very aged senator, Considius, told Cæsar that they stayed away through fear of his weapons and soldiers. 'Why then,' said Cæsar, 'do not *you* keep at home through fear?' Considius replied: 'My remaining years are too few to be worth saving.' This speech seems to have made Cæsar soften his methods. But, Cicero observes, they had no sooner got over the fear of murder, than a new terror arose; viz. that of slanderous accusations from such tools of Cæsar as Vettius.

A consulship thus violent and outrageous, was not likely to be in pecuniary matters much better; and we see no ground for disbelieving the details given by Suetonius (20, 54), which Mr. Merivale cautiously refrains from putting before the reader; viz. that he gave away whatever he pleased to any one, and terrified all who dared to oppose,—that he *stole* from the Capitol 3,000 pounds of gold, and replaced it by gilt brass; sold charters to companies and the name of king to foreign princes; and among others, extorted 6,000 talents as a private remuneration from Ptolemy alone on this ground. Of this we hear farther in the Alexandrian war. Such things are in perfect harmony with his whole course of privateering; and therefore it was, that to give up his armies was to yield himself to ruin.

Justly did Cicero say, that in this consulship the state perished. The democracy of Rome had for more than a century dwindled into a beggarly or ferocious mob. The senate and the aristocratic consul were now overpowered and insulted, the other consul himself heading the rabble and the soldiery against them. The highest magistracy and the highest order were thus alike dishonoured; but Cæsar proceeded to secure that this confusion should be permanent. For this he effected the election of two consuls devoted to the cabal (freedom of election there was

than for any offence; whence his abundance of gold. . . . Afterwards, by most evident rapines and sacrileges, he bore the expenses of civil wars, triumphs, and shows.' Suet. Jul. 54. He also plundered the temples of Egypt and Tyre. Dion, xlii. 34 and 49.

* Such is the received doctrine. If Mr. Merivale had any special theory of his own, this was the place to propound it.

none, but violence prevailed); and next transferred * P. Clodius to the plebs, that he might be made tribune. It was previously notorious that Clodius intended to attack Cicero for having obeyed the verdict of the senate against the Catilinarians; so here was a new Catilinarian faction let loose on the aristocracy. Henceforth bands of armed men paraded the streets of Rome, violently interfered with the elections, slew peaceable citizens, forced the aristocracy to arm a Milo against a Clodius, until a dictatorship became essential to save public order. Then the tools of Cæsar alleged, that, a dictator being essential, he was as proper a man for it as Pompeius; and perverted the constitutional into a personal question. Cæsar thus came in compassion to restore 'order' to the afflicted city, and in his extant writings gravely exerts himself to show how constitutional are his desires and proceedings, and in how *unconstitutional* a way the senate is opposing him.

So blind is Mr. Merivale to the real state of the case, that he does not even understand the proceeding of the tribune Metellus; who, until Cæsar had threatened his life, would not retire from the sacred treasury, wishing hereby to manifest the hypocrisy with which Cæsar pretended that he had invaded Rome to protect the 'sacred and inviolable rights' of the tribunes M. Antonius and Q. Cassius. In the same spirit is his simple complaint (vol ii. p. 471), that the Roman nobility were discontented at the *fact of Cæsar's pre-eminence*, rather than at his measures. He may seem not to desire any firmer security for law and justice, than the will of one profligate and mortal man. He is apparently surprised that Cæsar's 'clemency' did not reconcile Romans to hold all their rights at his mercy and that of his chance successor. But there would be no end of such criticisms; and we finally notice only his misrepresentation of Suetonius's judgment on Cæsar's death.

'Suetonius allows that Cæsar was indeed justly slain, *but makes no attempt to absolve his assassins.*'—Vol. ii. p. 489.

Nay, but Suetonius says, he was 'held to be legitimately slain' (*jure cæsus*) 76; and thereby *does* justify his assassins; indeed, gives this as a general sentiment. Byron has a note † remarking on this. 'We must not be so much dazzled,' says he, 'with Cæsar's surpassing glory or with his magnanimous, his amiable qualities, as to forget the decision of his *impartial countrymen* :—

HE WAS JUSTLY SLAIN.

* Suetonius (Jul. 20) says that he did this so as to mark his displeasure on Cicero, for having dared publicly to deplore the state of the times. This may not be correct; but Suetonius tells all these things simply and without animosity.

† Childe Harold, Canto IV. note 26.

Jure cæsus existimatur, says Suetonius, after a fair estimate of his character, and making use of a phrase which was a formula in Livy's time, and was continued in the legal judgments pronounced in *justifiable homicide*, such as killing housebreakers.' So difficult does it appear to Mr. Merivale fairly to report what the ancients say. In his vocabulary, Cæsar's murderers are 'wild unprincipled men,' though Cicero looked on them as heroes of surpassing merit, and regrets that he had no personal share in the deed.

It would be natural and suitable to remark on the writer's style, on his judgment, on his power of condensation, on his grouping, and other matters of taste; on his philosophy and his religious reflections: but when we have so deep complaints against his *fidelity* and *moral soundness*, we feel that we must appear to the reader biassed judges on points of taste and feeling which cannot be brought to any certain standard. We, therefore, forbear to add a word on these matters, and so close our very irksome task.

ART. II.—*Exposition of the Gospel according to St. Luke.* By Dr. James Thomson. Vols. I and II. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

It has often been matter of wonder and of regret to men of piety and taste, who have had at heart the best interests of humanity, that from among the many thousands who have been pulpit-teachers, comparatively few have attained to excellence. In the present day, when we have in every village a pulpit and a preacher, it is a cause both for amazement and for sorrow, that the pulpit has so little hold on the popular mind. We have at the bar much successful speaking, and the success in all cases there is to be estimated by the power of the pleader to *convince*; but by the sacred teacher how little effect is produced! The subject of pulpit-excellence is so large, that it cannot be fully treated of within the limits of this article; and yet it is just one of those subjects which earnest religionists in the present day should diligently inquire into. Let us suppose that some one unconnected with any religious body—the occupant of a religious neutrality—should ask: Why cannot the same degree of eloquence, which is only another way of saying the same efficient speaking, which obtains in parliament and at the bar, be brought to bear on the topics which are discussed from the

pulpit? Why should there be success in the one, and almost powerlessness in the other? There is one fact, which must strike all thoughtful men as of the most serious import at the present time—*That the pulpit has not that hold on the public mind which it once had, and that men are not so seriously affected by the great truths proclaimed from it as they once were.* The sad reality, patent to all but the wilfully unconvinced, is, that the weekly teachings from the word of God do not produce that effect on the people which, from the awful importance of their subject, we might reasonably expect them to do. We know, it may justly be said, 'the pulpit-teachings so often recur—familiarity with the sublime subjects of them, on the part of the hearers, blunts the edge of appeal—we have the unwillingness and positive enmity of the human heart as a resistance to argument, however potent—there is a morbid taste among our people for mere dilations—in many cases, they prefer smart phraseologies, or anecdotal littlenesses, or effete sentimentalities, to vigorous and healthy thought—they do not like new wine in their old bottles—they hear with suspicion any departure from the routine of old technicality—and they prefer rather that their feelings should be excited, or their curiosity gratified, than that their minds should be quickened by new and vigorous thought.' These objections may be partially true—there may be some classes of mind, and some few churches, where they would have place.

Now we presume not to blame the ministers of religion for the small success which attends their pulpit-labours. However faulty individuals may be, to blame the mass, among whom are men of great attainment and heavenly-mindedness, would be to the last degree harsh and ungenerous. But we find fault with the system under which they are placed. Let us illustrate our position by an example :—A young man comes from one of our colleges, trained to habits of close thought, and accustomed to severe analytical processes; with some knowledge of Hebrew and of classical literature; devoted to the noble employ to which God has called him, and eager to preach 'the doctrines of the Cross.' He accepts the pastorate over one of our rural churches, and becomes thus the acknowledged *teacher* of, it may be, some hundreds of people. Among his congregation it is not probable that there will be many equally taught with himself; but, perhaps, the larger portion of them shall be devourers of the weaker part of the religious literature of the day—those small periodicals in which the state of our churches is being perpetually canvassed, and by which an unwholesome agitation and constant dissatisfaction are excited towards that among us which is invigorating and elevating to the mind—in which not doctrines

alone, but the very phraseology in which they are expressed are stereotyped. The young pastor finds his congregation leavened by these small works, and he speedily discovers that he is a slave, not so much to unchanging dogmata, as to a fixed traditional expression of them. At once he is in chains, like an artist who must paint only after a pattern, to soar is impossible—to unleaven his congregation, who receive from the above-mentioned sources weekly or monthly supplies of fresh fermentation, is utterly out of the question—he is in vassalage to mere words—and, after a season, abandoning in despair higher aims, he sinks down to the weary monotony of oft-repeated theological formulæ; and he finds that, instead of being free to teach according to his enlightened conscience, he must do so in the set phrases of his predecessors, which may be, many of them, offensive to a refined ear and painful to a lowly heart. We have positive knowledge that there are many of our ministers, extensive in their acquirements, abundant in their piety, and capable of eloquence, who groan under this slavery to ancient forms of thought—which do not suit the present age, but for which, we candidly admit, there would be no little difficulty in finding synonymous substitutes. Surely, in the abandonment of many of these phraseologies, our theology would be unimpaired, but might still be taught, scripturally and healthily, in other modes of expression. He will do no small service to the Church, who can show us how we may safely substitute the simple terms of the word of God for the set utterances of scholastic theology.

The question returns to us: Why is the power of the British pulpit so feeble; or, why are its results so few? It is not because we are lacking able preachers; for, surely, if extended education, acquaintance with the best authors, and enlarged views, tend to successful oratory, our present ministry should be inferior to none. Nor would we hint, for a moment, that the great majority of our pastors are not thoroughly devoted to their work. There are men among the present Nonconformist ministers who would dare all in 'preaching the Cross,' and who, should the condition of the age require it, would joyfully suffer all that Baxter, Howe, or Bunyan endured of old. But it has always appeared to us, that the pulpit-power of many of our ministers is all but destroyed by *the frequency of their services*. There are many of our congregations which require from their minister three entire *sermons* on the Sunday, and an additional 'address' or two during the week. These worthy people eschew, and perhaps with propriety, 'read sermons'—every discourse among them must be both extemporaneous and remarkable for freshness and vigour: and of how many of our ministers have their resources been thus early exhausted, and

themselves worn out! No one can be a Demosthenes, a Bossuet, or a Massillon, four times a week; and that ministry which is ever in action cannot be long successful.

Another grand reason, we conceive, for the partial failure of our pulpits, is in the narrow range of subjects which the minister is permitted for discussion. We have heard of some worthy Scotch divines, of the last century, who made it a matter of conscience—or, at least, their habit—to introduce the notable ‘five points’ into every sermon; and we know what dead formalism reigned in their churches, while in their creeds they were as orthodox as even Knox could have desired. Now the mission of every religious teacher is to preach ‘the Cross,’ and a nobler theme than this no one can desire. But in such a subject do not all Divine requirements and all human duties meet? Is it not the central of all truths, in which the most philosophical mind has all it seeks as matter for lofty thought, and the pious mind for holiest breathing? And yet how often are its very doctrines preached merely as *credenda*! whereas, all earnest activities and charities must proceed from these. While the zealous Christian teacher is mindful of his great mission, he will not forget that his benevolence is to be all-embracing, and that everything which can exalt humanity, and make less barren the desert of life, is his peculiar work; and, therefore, while the great verities of the gospel are earnestly proclaimed, and faithfully applied to the consciences of the hearers, the preacher may legitimately advocate from his pulpit *everything which tends to the enlightenment and elevation of the people*. What a wide range would thus be opened for pulpit-address, and what a mighty impulse might thus be given to Christ-like activity both in the Church and the world!

Again,—we think the requirements of the present day are utterly adverse to the attainment of pulpit-eloquence, even by a small section of our pastors. As a general rule, perhaps, no one is born an orator—that excellence can be reached only by certain orders of mind, and not even by them till they have studied all the avenues to the heart of man, and the manner in which those entrances have been gained by the great masters of eloquence. Even the best minds among us have not fair play. They are ‘cabined, cribbed, confined,’ by the *pastoral habits* common to this age. What time have they, for example, for such study, whom the circumstances of the Church call to constant secular activity? How can they be *efficient* among an educated and intelligent auditory on the Sunday—such as is found in our larger towns only—who, during more or less of the entire week, have been necessitated, often with an unwilling heart, to sit on some half-score of committees—to superintend

various agencies, some of them not very closely allied to the work of evangelism—or to spend many precious hours of each day in that oftentimes most unprofitable occupation nicknamed ‘pastoral visitation,’ which Dr. Davidson has so well termed ‘perambulatory dissipation?’

Every one will admit that the feeble and sick of his flock should have much of the pastor’s care; but how much golden time is frittered away in those visits from house to house which, especially in country towns, many congregations expect to receive from their ministers! It is a true and safe principle, that, with the blessing of God, *the diligent student will be the successful minister*—the man who is laborious in the investigation and for the defence of the great verities of Christianity, and who is well armed on all those points assailed as vulnerable by the enemies of the faith. That congregation must greatly lack common sense—the philosophy of cause and effect—who grudge the time which the student-pastor spends in his study. A minister’s success in preaching will generally be in the ratio of his laborious preparation for it; and he must prove, in the result—and speaking ‘after the manner of men’—the most efficient teacher of religious truths, who has, through all his ministerial life, accustomed himself to habitual mental training. Alas! how often in the religious magazines of the day do we read that our ministers should be *ready speakers*; which is as much as to say, that their various requirements as secretaries, committee-men, and family-visitors, withhold them from careful preparation for their pulpits—a state of things which is either regarded as a necessity or actually defended! Now we presume to assert, that that was the Augustan age of our Nonconformist pulpits, when the eager hearers wearied not at the turn of the hour-glass; when Baxter, Flavel, Bates, Philip Henry, and Howe (*instar omnium!*) took to their pulpits no hasty or jejune thoughts, but carefully written and elaborated sermons, each exhaustive of its subject, and which nurtured at once the intellectual and the spiritual in those who heard them. Gigantic minds of old, who can refuse them the palm? who, perusing their works, does not feel as the traveller when he contemplates the colossal temples of the early world, of peoples lost to time? After reading, for example, the pages of the immortal Howe—how impelled we are to nauseate our more modern divinity!—how weak and feeble, in comparison with his celestial utterances, are the pious platitudes, the worn-out sentimentalities and the silly appeals to the feelings which one finds abundantly in so many of the popular productions both from British and American pulpits! We do not blame the ministers of our own churches, if, in any case, they have been guilty of

these. Such results must follow from the requirements of the day. If a congregation will have their pastor to be a secretary, or a travelling agent, or the editor of a periodical, or to wear his six-days' life away in an itinerancy of chit-chat, they necessarily exclude him from his study; and no man, unless he be an apostle, divinely taught, can without due preparation fully explain the sacred Scriptures, unfold their truths, and nourish that spiritual element which ever in a good man's heart struggles after a diviner life. We conceive, then, that the very first step towards a general pulpit-reform will be, when our pastors abandon secularities and all 'perambulatory dissipation,' and when they become entirely men of the study—imitative of that illustrious band recently named, who 'rest from their labours,' but of whom it may be both truly and gratefully said, 'their works do follow them.' 'The truth is,' wrote Dr. Chalmers, 'that a minister, if he gives his whole heart to his business, finds employment for every moment of his existence.' May our congregations learn to seek for and strenuously to support *STUDENT pastors*; and may the able and excellent men who serve the Dissenting churches—and especially the industrious young men of New College, each saying, 'This one thing I do'—adopt the mental habits of the theological athletes of the golden age of Nonconformity!

There is a silly cant in some quarters that *intellectual preaching* is a thing to be dreaded—a 'monstrum horrendum' breathing death to our churches. Is it intended, apparently, that a discourse well thought out will not be as receptive of God's blessing as a little extemporaneous talk, indicative neither of vigour nor industry of mind? Preaching full of sound thought will most resemble the Pauline epistles, in which the mind of one of the greatest of men seems to have exhausted itself on sublimest themes; and as we prefer these teachings of the Holy Spirit to any such counsel, we urge upon all pastors and teachers that they strive to manifest themselves strong thinkers and close reasoners, whenever they appear in the pulpit for the defence of the truth. Nothing is more perilous to any good cause than a weak championship in its behalf; and, perhaps, we are very near the truth when we state that, had certain defenders of the faith among us, both from press and platform, been more conversant with the intellectual, and less with the frothy and the declamatory, our ecclesiastical state and prospects had been far other than they are now.

But, perhaps, it may be replied to our statements, that another and a mightier agency has arisen—that the Press has not merely taken the place of the pulpit, but has outdone it immensely, both in range and in effect. Whatever of truth there may be in

this statement, we cannot forget that the *spoken word* has a power to move and thrill, which the mere reading of it can never effect. In reading the speeches of some of our greatest orators, whose voice enraptured 'listening senates,' or awakened to passionate feeling and irresistible energy multitudes of men; how much is lost to us—the beaming eye—the melting tone—the electric impulse—the sympathy of soul! After attending one of our large public meetings, the reader can well remember what disappointment he has felt in perusing, in the well-known journal of to-day, that which, yesterday, moved him to the holiest of purposes;—what empty commonplaces, what multiplying of words, what thin matter! It is because the press is put into comparison with *the living voice*—it is the statue side by side with the breathing, animated kindled man. We remember to have been peculiarly struck with this in the speeches of the late Daniel O'Connell. In reading some of his best orations, the day after their delivery, how we lacked that flute-like voice, and those impassioned intonations so peculiarly his own, which caused 'a personal sympathy,' as Whately has it, between the speaker and the hearers! The reader will well remember the story of the ancient time. 'What would you have said,' observed Æschines, when his reading of the speech of Demosthenes 'On the Crown' was received with admiration; 'what would you have said had you heard him *speak* it!' It is not fair, therefore, to assume that the press has taken the place of the pulpit. The path of the writer is altogether distinct from that of the speaker. Their mission is to different results. The speaker influences chiefly the men of this hour only; the writer will move generations yet unborn.

Never, at any previous period in our religious history, had the British Pulpit so great a demand as at the present time. Our forefathers had, as we have now, the old warfare to wage with the animosities of the human heart against all that is holy, and they had much active hostility to encounter from the time-serving ministers of a contemptuous hierarchy; but their opponents were not so insidious, and therefore not so dangerous, as those which the religious teacher of the nineteenth century encounters. In the 17th and 18th centuries, knowledge was, to a great degree, confined to the professional classes. The squire, generally, was a mere huntsman and glutton, hardly awake to the fact of his possessing a nature nobler than that of the animal. The farmer was not much better than a serf of the squire. The tradesman, though from his mercantile pursuit necessarily of shrewder wit than the farmer, was in great mental and moral degradation. Among such a society, the Henrys, Calamys, and Tallents of the time would be almost the only

teachers ; so that much which these great men stated would be taken for granted, and that common reverence which the ignorant usually have for the well-informed, would cause the congregation of that day to regard their religious teachers almost as an infallible authority. But how changed, in this age, are the circumstances of the pulpit, and the relative conditions of pastor and people ! On the Sabbath morning, the ablest minister among us is not one whit more informed as to the events of the day—or is not necessarily so—than the poor mechanic who occupies a ‘free sitting’ in the house of prayer where both worship. That mighty leveller, the Press, has, to a great extent, swept away the distinction which formerly existed in this matter between the Nonconformist divines and their hearers. On the Saturday evening, or on the following morning, the cheap weekly newspapers, containing a full history of the seven days of the world’s life just by-gone, are in the hands of the sons of toil ; and in the columns of these cheap prints, the artisan finds not merely a nation’s story—‘the oppressor’s wrong,’—‘the insolence of office,’—and the merits of those in high places, canvassed with a freedom which would have been high treason in the reigns of the Stuarts ; but he finds often that religion is sneered at, holiness derided, the ministry of religion held up as a delusion and a snare, and Christianity itself pointed out either as the invention of a wily statecraft or the offspring of a pitiable superstition. Under such instruction the mechanic soon loses his reverence for the sanctuary, and indifference takes the place of esteem. He ceases to worship in the house of prayer. The preacher he once listened to with attention, is not a teacher on subjects either so interesting or on so extensive a scale, as his other Sunday teacher, ‘The Growler’ or the ‘Weekly Offal ;’ and the mechanic has become a convert to opinions which are at the utmost remoteness from those of truth and soberness which the Scriptures contain. The greater will be the likelihood of these evil conversions in those places where the pulpit is not a living power—where a formalism, although essentially orthodox, is found to obtain—where the *credenda* of the Gospels are clothed in dry scholasticisms unintelligible by the masses, and where the *agenda*, the practicalnesses of the Christian faith, are sleepily pointed out and enforced. Here is an evil the Puritans knew nothing of, though they strove against the *Book of Sports*—how is this evil to be encountered and overcome ? Clearly, by making the pulpit more attractive to those who have, heretofore, been led captive by the smart vulgarities and impieties of the Sunday press. We think this would not be a difficult task for our ministers to accomplish. Not for a world’s worth should they cease to preach the essential doctrines of the New Testa-

ment—those glorious truths which our sainted fathers held dearer than life, and which now-a-days it behoves us zealously to maintain; but how great the results would be, if Christianity were taught less as a dogmatical system than as a power over the life of man, to renew, and elevate, and bless it! Too much have our preachers descanted on the great ‘Topics’ of Christianity, as schoolmen in the age of darkness descanted on the Aristotelian philosophy. In our pulpits there should be nothing like Nominalist or Realist predication—a mere defence of dogmatical positions. We must purge away from us the old leaven of the schools, and give living principles—practical and practicable—to the heart of man. So we would respectfully submit it to the ministers of our churches in those places where this evil of the Sunday press is most virulent, *that they should seek to be the pastors of working-men*. How little are these masses influenced by our pulpits! There are places of worship, but not for them. There is earnest and able preaching, but not for them. The grandeur of our buildings—the air of respectability pervading them—and the fashionable display of dress and equipage among the congregations of our larger towns, deter those who are too ignorant to read the Sunday prints, from attendance on the various places of worship; and thus to these united and powerful influences, the teachers of religion have to trace their inefficiency over the masses of the people. How, we ask again, are these evils to be overcome? The first point to be gained is, to induce these people to enter the places of worship. Why should they not be invited thereto by advertisement? Easily enough, the demagogues, who lecture to the poor in halls and rooms on the Sabbath-day, collect by this means a large body of people. Why should the teachers of religion neglect so simple and effectual a method of collecting thus those who have hitherto been strangers to the faith? But, it may be objected, the people will not hear *sermons*. There is no impressed necessity for the presentation of *sermons* to the people; for, to the tutored mind, how fertile are the Scriptures in subjects for most interesting discussion!—how much may be deduced both from their history and philosophy to remove the weight of human woe, even when ‘too deep for tears.’ In skilful hands, the wondrous stories of Hebrew life—the habits of primæval times—the institutions and policy of ‘the world’s grey fathers,’ might all be made to the ignorant of our people ‘wisdom teaching by examples.’ How large is the field given for such teaching by the life of Jesus—His perfect life, which everywhere imaged God—His infinite tenderness—His constant toil—His endurance of our lot of sorrow—His prayerful vigils—His ministrations at the couch of the paralytic and the dying—

and His daily employ of shedding light on the sightless eye-ball and divine radiance on the blinder soul. What humanities and charities, what brotherly kindnesses, what reciprocal benevolences between people differing in wealth and station, might be taught by the 'tale divine' of Him 'who went about doing good.' We earnestly commend it to the attention of those excellent men who wish to gain the masses, to lay aside the sermon during at least one part of the public services of the Sabbath, and to adopt, under a more taking name, either the exposition or the lecture; because in them there is a greater range, than in the set discourse, for the discussion of subjects, which, while they are legitimately within the province of the pulpit, may be rendered far more attractive to the masses than the miserable mental food which they receive, on the day of rest, either from hungry, blustering 'stump-orators,' or from mawkish materialists.

The pulpit-address, styled exposition, is of much more frequent use in Scotland than with us in the south; and many of the Scottish clergy—as is well known—introduce it into their morning service in place of the more pointed and direct *sermon*, on the principle, we presume, that it is well the Scriptures should be explained before they are practically applied. It is often found to be of great utility, because where the exposition is judiciously handled, more matters can be introduced, and a wider range of subjects can be presented to the congregation, than it would be possible to give in a discourse made to hinge on an isolated sentence of Scripture. Some of these expounders in the north are tedious and wearisome to the last degree—men, whose meagre scholarship does not permit them to elucidate, and whose iron creed has frozen the gush of genius. But there are those, north of the Tweed, who are master-hands at this work of exposition; and the crowded congregations prove that their discourses of this nature are neither dreary verbiages nor evangelical dilutions. We have always thought the expositions of the Scottish clergy more attractive than their sermons—perhaps, because in the former one has a little escape from the ever-recurring 'Five Points.'

The author of the two volumes mentioned at the beginning of this article is a Scottish clergyman, who has thought that his expositions may be serviceable to the Church; and he publishes them accordingly in two beautifully printed volumes. A third is to follow. There is, preceding the lectures, a long and somewhat wordy '*Introduction to the Study of the New Testament*,' the utility of which we seriously question; for while it contains many catholic and admirable sentiments (particularly at pp. 38—40), there is much that is extraneous to the general subject,

and of little value. Though it is not our intention to bestow more than a brief notice on these volumes, we may say we have been peculiarly struck with a statement in p. 62:—‘The author of this Gospel was evidently a Jew. This is proved by the numerous instances of Hebrew idioms which occur in every part;’ a conclusion by no means deducible from the premises. All the evidence we know of is quite contradictory to the assumption that Luke was a Jew. Eusebius—whom Dr. James Thomson will admit to be an authority of some weight in the question—in his *Hist. Eccles.* iii. 4, states that Luke was born at Antioch, in Syria; and, indeed, the whole style of Luke’s narrative seems to confirm that he was not a Jew, but, as Tertullian remarks, *he constantly represents Jesus as the Saviour of the Gentiles*, in whom all the desires of an outcast heathen world find a happy accomplishment.

It is worthy of our author’s attention, that whenever Luke has occasion to mention an eastern custom, he, at the same time, explains the meaning of it—which certainly he had never done, had he been a Jew writing to Jews. But we submit that the apostle has decided this question for us, in *Col. iv. 14*, where he seems to make a distinction between Luke and the persons mentioned in verses 10 and 11, whom he specifies as *ἐκ περιτομῆς*. Further, if our author will be at the pains to compare the style of Luke, in his introduction to his gospel, and at the close of his history of the Acts of the Apostles—a style both chaste and classical—with the Hellenistic Greek of the rest of his writings, he will find the inference to be cogent (as to the ‘Hebrew idioms, &c.’) that Luke had used narratives earlier than his own, to the writers of whom it is not unlikely he refers in his mention of *πολλοὶ*; for the Hebraisms which repeatedly occur in the bulk of the narrative, lead us to the supposition, that earlier than Luke’s history there were many little narratives—perhaps many oral traditions—of the life of Jesus, of the authenticity of which from the first he had made an accurate, logical analysis. Some of them would be simple exaggerations; others, it may be, coloured to suit certain philosophical opinions; and many of them were at fault, probably, both in fact and in chronological detail. The object of the apostle, in writing the narrative, appears to have been, that Theophilus and the Church, through him, might have a sure historical basis. For this purpose, Luke was an editor of these primal documents; indeed, from a comparison of the chaste Greek of the preface to his Gospel with the rough Hebraisms which almost immediately follow, it would seem that Luke had incorporated into his own work many of these narratives, without even refining their ruder idioms.

So much on our presumed correction of our author. It is not our purpose, however, thus to analyze these volumes, but to state, that they hold the position of a respectable mediocrity. There is, perhaps, not a great thought nor a new idea in either of them; but there is much unaffected simplicity of style, and an evident desire to make the life of our blessed Lord, with its wondrous deeds of mercy, intelligible to the untutored mind. As such, though there are not a few things to which we could make objection, we thank the author for them. Many of our rural pastors may find them useful in their village-teachings: either for the scholarly or the profound, we presume our author did not intend them.

In concluding our brief remarks upon these expositions, we remark, that Dr. Thomson's sole book of reference, in any matter of difficulty, seems to be 'Principal Campbell's Translation of the Four Gospels'—the work of an able man, and admirable so far as it goes; but, for the forthcoming volume of his expositions, we invite our author to cast his eyes towards those incomparable German writers—so much bespattered by the ignorant among us; and we venture to assure him that, without losing an iota of his orthodoxy, he may infuse a new vigour into his own mind, give a new edge to his critical acumen, and a new power both to his preachings and writings by a close acquaintance with Tholuck, Olshausen, &c. &c. Why should a man content himself with a lamp, when the stars are at his service?

ART. III.—*The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind; an Autobiographical Poem.* By William Wordsworth. 8vo. London: Moxon.

FOR well nigh thirty-four years the public curiosity has been excited by the knowledge that there existed in MS. an unfinished poem, of very high pretensions, and extraordinary magnitude, from the pen of the late—is he to be the last?—poet-laureate of Britain. At the tidings, Lord Jeffrey made himself very merry, and sought for a powerful calculus to compute the supposed magnitude of the poem. De Quincey, on the other hand, had read it, and, both in his writings and conversation, was in the habit of alluding to, quoting, and panegyriizing it as more than equal to Wordsworth's other achievements. All of it that is

publishable, or shall ever be published, now lies before us; and we approach it with curiously-mingled emotions—mingled, because although a fragment, it is so vast, and in parts so finished, and because it may be regarded as at once an early production of his genius, and its latest legacy to the world. It seems a large fossil relic—imperfect and magnificent—newly dug up, and with the fresh earth and the old dim subsoil meeting and mingling around it.

The 'Prelude' is the first *regular versified* autobiography we remember in our language. Passages, indeed, and parts of the lives of celebrated men, have been at times represented in verse, but in general a veil of fiction has been dropt over the real facts, as in the case of Don Juan; and in all the revelation made has resembled rather an escapade or a partial confession than a systematic and slowly-consolidated life. The mere circumstances, too, of life, have been more regarded than the inner current of life itself. We class the 'Prelude' at once with Sartor Resartus—although the latter wants the poetic *form*—as the two most interesting and faithful records of the individual experience of men of genius which exist.

And yet, how different the two men, and the two sets of experience. Sartor resembles the unfilled and yawning crescent moon, Wordsworth the rounded harvest orb: Sartor's cry is 'Give, give!' Wordsworth's, 'I have found it, I have found it!' Sartor cannot, amid a universe of work, find a task fit for him to do, and yet can much less be utterly idle; while to Wordsworth, basking in the sun, or loitering near an evening stream, is sufficient and satisfactory work. To Sartor, Nature is a divine tormentor—her works at once inspire and agonize him; Wordsworth loves her with the passion of a perpetual honeymoon. Both are intensely self-conscious; but Sartor's is the consciousness of disease, Wordsworth's of high health standing before a mirror. Both have 'a demon,' but Sartor's is exceedingly fierce, dwelling among the tombs—Wordsworth's a mild eremite, loving the rocks and the woods. Sartor's experience has been frightfully peculiar, and Wordsworth's peculiarly felicitous. Both have passed through the valley of the shadow of death; but the one has found it as Christian found it, dark and noisy,—the other has passed it, with Faithful, by daylight. Sartor is more of a representative man than Wordsworth, for many have had part at least of his sad experiences, whereas Wordsworth's soul dwells apart: his joys and sorrows, his virtues and his sins, are alike his own, and he can circulate his being as soon as them. Sartor is a brother-man in fury and fever—Wordsworth seems a cherub, almost chillingly pure, and whose very warmth is borrowed from another sun

than ours. We love and fear Sartor with almost equal intensity—Wordsworth we respect and wonder at with a great admiration.

Compare their different biographies. Sartor's is brief and abrupt, as a confession; the author seems hurrying away from the memory of his woe—Wordsworth lingers over his past self, like a lover over the history of his courtship. Sartor is a reminiscence of Prometheus—the 'Prelude,' an account of the education of Pan. The agonies of Sartor are connected chiefly with his own individual history, shadowing that of innumerable individuals besides—those of Wordsworth, with the fate of nations, and the world at large. Sartor craves, but cannot find a creed—belief seems to flow in Wordsworth's blood; to see is to believe with him. The lives of both are fragments, but Sartor seems to shut his so abruptly, because he dare not disclose all his struggles; and Wordsworth, because he dares not reveal all his peculiar and incommunicable joys. To use Sartor's own words, applied to the poet before us, we may inscribe upon Wordsworth's grave, 'Here lies a man who did what he intended;' while over Sartor's, disappointed ages may say, 'Here lies a man whose intentions were noble, and his powers gigantic, but who from lack of proper correspondence between them did little or nothing, said much, but only told the world his own sad story.'

To the 'Prelude' and to its author we find in the current literature of the day not a few objections urged. The sun has now set, and not a few birds of darkness are abroad, screaming at the luminary they dared not face. It is said, for instance, that his place is not fixed or permanent—that his writings are fragmentary—that his originality is all of manner—that he is too metaphysical—that to sympathize with his poetry we must be facsimiles of himself—and that he has added nothing to the great stock of literature, save an able analysis of his own idiosyncrasy.

To some of those charges, the poet himself has long ago pleaded guilty. He speaks of himself, as

'Retired in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song to thinking hearts;'

and as gathering

'The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on its own heart.'

He has found his mission in the task of faithfully and fully registering his own experiences, recording his own impressions, and painting his own image—feeling that these are so peculiar as to be worth everlasting transmission—and that they are so

peculiar *because* they reflect nature, in a manner in which it was never reflected before. He loves to draw his own eye, not merely because it is bright, nor because it is *his*, but because the works of God are mirrored on it, at an angle and in colours altogether singular. His writings are all confessions of his passionate love to the material universe, and of the strange relation in which material objects stand to his mind. And if men pardon the egotism of Montaigne and Rousseau, for the sake of the frank and full disclosure their writings give of two curious and anomalous structures of mind and morale; much more should the innocent shrift of a pure and peculiar spirit like Wordsworth's, whose sole sin lies in loving nature too well, be accepted, nay, welcomed with gladness by every lover of poetry, nature, and man.

Or if the word confessions be deemed too strong, let us call them apologies. Why, it might have been asked, hast thou, endowed as thou art with such rare qualities, retired from the public world, and allowed far meaner spirits to gain a cheap and easy triumph, retired to govern colewort, loiter by streams, and slumber in noontide valleys? To this, Wordsworth has replied, by proving in his works the might of the enchantment which drew him apart—the power of the voice which came to him, saying, ‘Come hither, and I will show thee a thing,’—the glory of the mystery which was revealed to him in solitude, and the perfection of that peace which there descended upon his spirit. ‘I aspire not to rule over men, care not for the gewgaws of fashion or the vulgar prizes of power, I covet not even the popularity of authorship, or the buzz of reputation; I wish to dwell in another element, to lead a lonely life, to keep myself unspotted from the world, to cultivate that intimacy with nature which she has begun, by shedding on me some of her choicest gifts; and thus to build up for myself an enduring monument, which shall be crowned with fame.’ It is the very story of his own ‘good Lord Clifford.’ On him, the rusty armour of his fathers called in vain. Possessed of a warrior’s power and valour, he had a shepherd’s quiet and gentle spirit, and preferred to the bustle and the laurels of the battlefield—

‘The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.’

Surely, the hero and his poet both must be reckoned by the wise to have ‘chosen the better part.’

We grant, then, to Wordsworth’s detractors, that his eye was introverted, that he studied himself more profoundly than aught else but nature—that his genius was neither epic, nor lyric, nor dramatic—that he did not ‘look abroad into universality’—

that he is monotonous—and that to sympathize fully with his strains, requires a certain share both of his powers and of their peculiar training. But all this we look at as only a needful statement of his limitations; and we pity those who produce it for any other purpose. Future ages will be thankful that a formation so peculiar, has been so carefully preserved. The 'moods' of such a mind will be ranked with the dramas, lyrics, and epics of inferior poets. His monotony will be compared to that of the ocean surges, which break now on the shore to the same tune as they did the eve before the deluge. His obscurities will appear jet black ornaments. His fragments will be valued as if they were bits of the ark. Men will remember, too, that many of the poems of contemporary writers, which are apparently more finished, are really more fragmentary than his. What comparison between his 'Eclipse in Italy' and 'Lalla Rookh,' his 'Laodamia' and the 'Lady of the Lake'? His purely silly or absurd poems will, like the drunken form of the patriarch Noah, be covered under a mantle of grave oblivion;—even Peter Bell shall be decently interred. And a similar oblivion, we trust, awaits the attacks which have been made upon his growing and monumental renown, from the light piercing Pythonic shafts of Jeffrey, to the blunt arrows which we notice from some quarters of late, directed against his glorious sepulchre.

It has been said, that his place is not fixed, while that of all his contemporary poets is. It takes a long time to fix the place of a great original poet. It is not easy calculating the distance of a star. Milton's place was not fixed till a century after his death—Waller's was immediately. So the age has already, if we mistake not, fixed the place of Moore, and Scott, and Rogers, as versifiers true and of a first, and poets of a second rank—of Campbell, as the most elegant of popular poets—and of Byron, as the most passionate and English of modern bards. But Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth, as partaking so much of the infinite, and being prophets after their manner, it is handing down for full appreciation to the future, which, in all likelihood, shall rank them immediately, though at a distance, below Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Shakspeare.

Each great poet passes through a fourfold state in regard to the world. First, his peculiar qualities are ignored; secondly, they are acknowledged; thirdly, they are appreciated; and fourthly, they are canonized. Wordsworth has only as yet reached the second stage. His merits are generally acknowledged, but generally appreciated they are not, nor are soon likely to be. Moore, Rogers, and their like, have already received their full meed of appreciation, and apotheosis for them—there is none.

'Wordsworth,' says one of the scribes referred to, 'must always be found to be an unnatural writer.—His works are as wide of nature as an allegory.—His sentiments, compared to those in Gray's "Elegy" are "slight."' Indeed! The sternest adherer to the truth of nature, who, were Nature a book lost, could almost supply another copy, 'known to every star and every wind that blows,' free alike by birth and education, and life-long residence, of that city, the builder and maker of which is God, an unnatural writer, and his works wide of nature!! Let us next hear of the narrowness of Shakspeare and the coldness of Byron. And HIS thought who says—

'To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears.'

'Slight!' *Our* thought of the writer of such malignant nonsense is, we do assure him, far from being slight. We have a strong conviction that he is very nearly related to an intimate friend of Peter *Bell's*.

Enough, however, of such puny detractors. Let us return to the 'Prelude' itself. It is a scroll of power and magic, unrolling slowly, not like that

'Banner bright which was unfurled
Before him suddenly,'

of which he elsewhere speaks. The tale it tells is such as one happy spirit might recount to another in the groves of Elysium, where the afternoon never darkens into the twilight. 'Have patience with me and I will *tell* thee all,' is the spirit of the story. Lingeringly does he walk down the deserted halls of the past, and converse with the pictures which he sees suspended there. The book reads like a long soliloquy. It contains no stirring adventures, few incidents of much interest, no passages of early love. His courtship and marriage are passed by in silence; the whole romance of the life is reflected from the beautiful country where his youth and manhood were passed, or arises from the recital of his own day-dreams, or profounder meditations upon man and nature, society and books.

In reading the 'Prelude,' we should never forget that his object is not to weave an artful and amusing story, but sternly and elaborately to trace the 'growth of a poet's mind.' This is a metaphysical more than a biographical purpose. He leads us accordingly, not so much from incident to incident, as from thought to thought, along the salient points of his mental history. Skiddaw, Cambridge, Paris, London, the Alps, are but milestones marking his progress onwards, from the measured turbulence of his youth, to the calm 'philosophic mind' brought him by the 'years' of his manhood. No object, however august,

is here described solely for its intrinsic charms, or made awkwardly to outstand from the main current of the story. Were Ossa an excrescence, he would treat it as if it were a wart—were a wart a point of interest, he would dilate on it as if it were an Ossa. His strong personal feeling bends in all that is needful to his purpose, and rejects all that is extraneous. The sun seems but the day-lamp of *his* valley—the moon couches in the leaves of the tall ash seen through *his* window—Jupiter is his ‘own beloved star’—Orion, the Seven, and Sirius, when he returns from college, ‘appear in their *old haunts*,’ over his glittering southern crags, or resting on some particular mountain-top dear to him; and the great road to London and the world is but the footpath to his imagination, which delights most to walk along it when midnight and she can pace it undisturbed and together.

The book is thus a record of ‘moods of his own mind,’ selected from a life composed of little else, upon the principle of showing how, succeeding and supplanting each other, they move ‘Hyperion-like on high.’ Very lofty mountains are jagged, torn, and precipitous; loftier ones still are rounded off on their summits into the smoothest of contours. Thus Wordsworth shows himself rising gradually into the measure and the stature of supernal unity and peace.

The chapters of the poem might have been very properly entitled, ‘Moods in Boyhood,’ ‘Moods in Cambridge,’ ‘Moods among my Books,’ ‘Moods among the Alps,’ ‘Moods in France,’ &c. Characters, indeed, rush occasionally across those moods. Now it is his humble ‘dame’—now it is his amiable sister—now it is a friend of youth, departed—and now the ‘rapt one with the Godlike forehead,’ the wondrous Coleridge; but they come like shadows, and like shadows depart, nor does their presence prevail for more than a moment to burst the web of the great soliloquy. Indeed, whether with them or without them, among mountains or men, with his faithful terrier, and talking to himself by the wayside, or pacing the Palais Royale, Wordsworth is equally and always alone.

Equally alone, but not equally at home, is the poet among the crowd. He has here depicted his impressions of London, but they seem to us somewhat vague and somewhat commonplace. That ocean of man—now up in one furious surge—now heaving in million minute waves—and now sunk in dream-haunted repose (who shall write a poem, or make a painting on the ‘Dreams of London?’) has not the same interest to Wordsworth’s eye as his Cumberland ocean of mountains. With his ‘little boat’ he proudly skims the one, but his movements through the other are perplexed and chartless. ‘The quenchless

poetry mankind' is not the true source of his inspiration, or the fittest subject for his song. A silent morning in London he has admirably pictured—London become a desert he would have painted better still; but of the actual noonday, or evening city, he has neither given a powerful general sketch, nor marked out from it any striking individualities. How differently would the peasant bard of Scotland have described a visit to the metropolis. In one burning hour, and one burning page, he could have limned London to the life in its sorrows and mirth, virtue and vice, mean miseries and giant follies; and all men had still been screaming with laughter, or bursting into tears, over a pendant to the 'Twa Dogs,' or a supplement to his 'Address to the King.' Because he would have laid his strong hot hand upon this ocean's mane, whereas Wordsworth has only pointed to it daintily from afar, as if with one of those 'silver wands' with which he fills the hands of the 'saints in heaven.'

With Paris, possessed as it was for a time by the unity of a demon, wallowing in blood, and foaming in blasphemy, Wordsworth has more poetic sympathy, and his descriptions of it, of France, of the disappointment of his hopes, and of his joy at the fall of Robespierre, rank with the finest passages in the poem. Hear his exulting pæan over the doom of the enemy of men and mothers:—

'Great was my transport, deep my gratitude
To everlasting justice, by this fiat
Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden times,"
Said I, forthpouring on those open sands
A hymn of triumph: "as the morning comes
From out the bosom of the night, come ye.
Thus far our trust is verified; behold!
They who with clumsy desperation brought
A river of blood, and preached that nothing else
Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might
Of their own helper have been swept away,
Their madness stands declared and visible;
Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth
March firmly toward righteousness and peace."
Then schemes I framed more calmly, when and how
The maddening factions might be tranquillized,
And how, through hardships manifold and long,
The glorious renovation would proceed.
Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts
Of exultation, I pursued my way
Along that very shore which I had skimmed
In former days; when, spurring from the vale
Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering fane
And the stone abbot, after circuit made

In wantonness of heart, a joyous band
 Of schoolboys hasting to their distant home
 Along the margin of the moonlight sea—
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.'

Perhaps the finest chapter in the 'Prelude' is that on books; at least it strikes us more, because we had expected less from it than from the rest. Books have had less share in Wordsworth's culture than in that of any great modern author. His sermons have been stones, fields his books, mountains his ancient manuscripts. To authors, books are either guides or they are law-givers, or they are sources of inspiration, or they are the avenues of mere amusement. Wordsworth has seldom submitted to their guidance, never yielded implicitly to their laws, and rarely condescended to lie down that they might tickle him into good humour, or soothe him into repose. For inspiration even, he has generally repaired to more ancient and awful fountains—to the ocean, the sky, the wells of eternal light we call the stars, or to the deep tranquil waters of his own spirit. Two classes of books alone does he seem much to relish. These are, first the old undisputed masterpieces—

'From Homer the great Thunderer, from the voice
 That roars along the bed of Jewish song,
 And that more varied and elaborate,
 Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake
 Our shores in England.'

The second class is composed of the simple ballads and story-books of childhood, such as 'Chevy Chase,' the 'Children in the Wood,' and the 'Arabian Nights.'

And here we see the great paradox of his genius, as well as of his taste. He emulates Milton on the one hand, and a nursery rhymster on the other. He affects extremes. He now tries to write a 'Gil Morris,' and anon to add another book to the 'Paradise Lost.' And to this at least he has attained, that passages of his more adventurous style cope worthily with all but Milton's highest flights, and that many of his smaller poems, with much of the simplicity and pathos of the elder ballad, unite a depth of thought and a delicacy of sentiment to which it had no pretensions.

In this chapter on books occurs (next perhaps to his description of the Grecian Mythology) the noblest of all his blank-verse passages. It is his dream of the 'Arab seated on a Dromedary,' and riding off to hide Euclid's Elements and the Shell of the Bard,

'With the fleet waters of a drowning world
 In chase of him.'

The conception of this is sublime in a very high degree, and the execution is not inferior. Never were the dim horror—the motley confusion—the wild wave-like fluctuation—the unearthly scenery of a poet's or giant's dream more faithfully represented. As in *Kubla Khan*, we fancy that the words have arisen *like images* before the slumbering eye, so entirely is the 'dream one.'

In contemplating the 'Prelude' as a whole, we feel that all our formerly-expressed notions of his poetry are confirmed. The slow motion, as of a fleet leaving the harbour—the cumbersome manner in which he relates little things—the clumsiness of the connecting links in the history—the deliberate dallies with his subject, till he has accumulated strength and breath for a great effort—the superb and elaborate architecture of particular passages—the profundity of certain individual thoughts, and the weight and strength of particular lines, which seem to lie on his page *salted in glory*, and cast a lustre all around them—the sympathy with the lowlier passages of human life, and the simpler forms of nature—his profound natural piety and almost superhuman purity, are all found written large in the 'Prelude.' We find, too, in it, what we may call his peculiar differentia as an artist, which seems to be his *uniform subordination of the materials of art to art itself*. Other poets worship the materials which they transmute into song, and cannot work except on a certain set of materials, which they deem poetical. Wordsworth can extract poetry from anything in the heaven above, the earth below, or the waters under the earth. His eye anoints every object it encounters. He bends and broods over things, till they tell him all the mystery and beauty which are in their hearts. Like the bee, he is equally at home in the lofty lime and in the bosom of the lowly cowslip. Flowers and stars, queen-lilies and queens, bubbles and thunder-clouds, leech-gatherers and heroes, are alike to him, because all seem to be contemplated by him from a height which diminishes their gradations of difference, and because all are seen by him, to use an expression of Coleridge, not by moonlight, sunlight, or starlight, but just by the fairy glory which is around his own head.

In connexion with this, we may notice the widely diffused, yet intensely concentrated poetical element in which he lived, moved, and had his being. Dr. Johnson said of Thomson of the 'Seasons,' that he could not look at two candles burning on the table but with a poetical eye. This is quite as true of Wordsworth. The gauzy veil of imagination was between him and the universe, and swayed gracefully to the outline of all things. Some poets carry their vein within them, like the bag of honey in the bee—it dwells apart from the rest of their

faculties, and is not diffused throughout all. Thus Byron always disclaimed being poetical, except when 'on the stool,' immediately engaged in composition. To Wordsworth, on the contrary, poetry was a life spread through his whole nature, although at times, and in certain moods of inspiration, it became more concentrated and more conscious. He did not, indeed, like Goethe, make his art his faith, and his taste his conscience. He did not seek to suck out poetry from the very dregs of sin. *His* trees are never planted near church-yards, that they may be enriched by the fatness of death. But a poet was his title, to be a poet his calling; and of that name he was never ashamed; and that calling he prosecuted through good report and through bad report, as if it were a sublime religious service, in which he was determined to persevere, even although his life should expire with the last smoke of the burnt-offering.

Nor has he gone without his reward. The great work, of which the 'Prelude' is the key-note, was never, indeed, completed. The other works he projected have never been begun. 'Mithridates,' 'Sertorius,' 'Dominique de Gourgues,' and 'Wallace,' remain unsung. But need we complain, while 'Lucy' continues to dwell by the springs of Dove—'Ruth' to set her little water-mills by streams and fountains wild—the 'Old Cumberland Beggar' to pursue his slow and solitary way—the 'White Doe,' to glide along a dream of beauty, a 'sunshine in the shady Place'—the good 'Lord Clifford,' to watch the two immortal fish, as immortal himself as they—the 'Solitary,' to tell his strange story—poor 'Margaret,' to pine away among her children—and the 'Church-yard among the Mountains,' to teach us how to live and how to die? These 'are deeds which must not pass away, and names which must not wither.'

We quote not the noble tribute paid to Milton in the third book of the 'Prelude.' It is already familiar to the most of our readers. But we cannot close this paper without rapidly comparing two bards together whose names are so often coupled.

Their points of resemblance are numerous—both were proud in spirit, and pure in life—both were intensely self-conscious—both essayed the loftiest things in poetry—both looked with considerable contempt on their contemporaries, and appealed to the coming age—both preferred fame to reputation—both during their life-time met with obloquy, which crushed them not—both combined intellect with imagination in equal proportions—both were persevering and elaborate artists, as well as inspired men—both were unwieldy in their treatment of commonplace subjects. Neither possessed a particle of humour; nor much, if any, genuine wit. Both were friends of liberty, and of religion—their genius was 'baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.'

But there were differences and disparities as manifold. Milton was a scholar of the first magnitude; Wordsworth no more than respectable in point of learning; Milton may be called a glorious book-worm; Wordsworth an insect feeding on trees; Milton was London born, and London bred; Wordsworth from the provinces; Milton had a world more sympathy with chivalry and arms—with the power and the glory of this earth—with human and female beauty—with man and with woman, than Wordsworth. Wordsworth loved inanimate nature better than Milton, or at least, he was more intimately conversant with her features; and has depicted them with more minute accuracy, and careful finish. Milton's love for liberty was a wiser and firmer passion, and underwent little change; Wordsworth's veered and fluctuated; Milton's creed was more definite and fixed than Wordsworth's, and, perhaps, lay nearer to his heart; Wordsworth's shaded away into a vague mistiness, in which the Cross at times was lost; Milton had more devotion in his absence from church than Wordsworth in his presence there; Wordsworth was an 'idler in the land;' Milton an incessant and heroic struggler.

As writers, while Wordsworth attains to lofty heights, with an appearance of effort; Milton is great inevitably, and inhales with pleasure the proud and rare atmosphere of the sublime; Wordsworth *comes up* to the great—Milton *descends* on it; Wordsworth has little ratiocinative, or rhetorical power; Milton discovers much of both—besides being able to grind his adversaries to powder by the hoof of invective, or to toss them into the air on the tusks of a terrible scorn; Wordsworth has produced many sublime lines, but no character approaching the sublime; Milton has reared up Satan to the sky—the most magnificent structure in the intellectual world; Wordsworth's philosophic vein is more subtle, and Milton's more masculine and strong; Wordsworth has written much in the shape of poetry that is despicably mean, mistaking it all the while for the excellent; Milton trifles seldom, and knows full well when he is trifling; Wordsworth has sometimes entangled himself with a poetic system; Milton no more than Samson will permit withes, however green, or a cart-rope, however new, to imprison his giant arms; Wordsworth has borrowed nothing, but timidly and jealously saved himself from theft by flight; Milton has maintained his originality, even while he borrows—he has dared to snatch the Urim and Thummim from the high-priest's breast, and inserted them among his own native ornaments, where they shine in keeping—unbedimmed and unbedimmed; Wordsworth's prose is but a feeble counterpoise to his poetry; whereas Milton's were itself sufficient to perpetuate his name; Wordsworth's sonnets are, perhaps, equal to Milton's,

some of his 'Minor Poems' may approach 'Lycidas,' and 'Il Penseroso,' but where a whole like 'Paradise Lost?'

Thus while Wordsworth has left a name, the memory of a character and many works, which shall illustrate the age when he lived, and exalt him, on the whole, above all Britain's bards of that period, Milton is identified with the glory, not of an age, but of all ages; with the progress of liberty in the world—with the truth and grandeur of the Christian faith, and with the honour and dignity of the human species itself. Wordsworth burns like the bright star Arcturus, outshining the fainter orbs of the constellation to which it belongs. Milton is one of those solitary oceans of flame, which seem to own but a dim and far-off relationship to aught else but the Great Being, who called them into existence. So truly did the one appreciate the other when he sung

'Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.'

ART. IV.—*Germania: its Courts, Camps, and People.* By the Baroness Blaze de Bury. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1850.

HERE we have a couple of volumes by a lady who comes forth as the bold and uncompromising champion of all royalties and aristocracies, be they of the deepest dye of despotism, and flings down the gauntlet to revolutionists of all classes and grades. It is a book which will be received with open arms by all those who tremble at the progress of opinion, and cling convulsively to a stereotyped stage of existence. The 'Times,' the 'Morning Chronicle,' and those other journals which have done the work of Russia and Austria so zealously in this country, will glory in it. Our baroness, who is an Englishwoman, married to a foreigner, seems to have become inoculated with all the furor of a proselyte. We presume she is a spic and span new baroness, and like all *novi homines* and *novæ feminæ*, is desperate for everything belonging to her order. There is nothing in the shape of a king, a prince, a queen, a princess, or grand duke or duchess, that is not perfect, noble, wise, pious, and amiable, in a most marvellous degree; nothing in the shape of a reformer that is not base, wicked, and villanous. The work is amusing from the very hardihood of its advocacy of people and things which

most thinking people have settled to be absurd and mischievous. The Emperor of Russia, in her eyes, is a sort of sublime instrument of Providence; the Emperor of Austria, the late Ferdinand, is a model of excellence. The poor idiot is painted in all the colours of a wise and parental prince. He is emphatically designated *Der Gütige*, the Good. The present emperor, the boy tool of Schwarzenberg and the Jesuit-enslaved mother, the Archduchess Sophia, is a wonder. Old Ernest of Hanover is a ruler worthy of all admiration; and even Haynau and Windischgrätz come in for her most amiable terms. Such things as imbeciles, savages, villains, and monsters, only exist amongst the Von Gagerns, Kossuths, Bems, and Mazzinis.

We are glad to see such a book put out with a good share of ability, and this book is by no means deficient in that respect. The lady authoress has evidently well studied the subject; she is deeply interested in it. She is evidently at home in most countries of the continent, and professing to be familiarly acquainted with Germany, its language, its literature, and people, commits fewer errors under these heads than any author we have for some time met with. It is true she talks of Forelles, trout, for Forellen; translates *Deutschfresserthum*, Dutch-devourdom, instead of *German*; calls Arndt's celebrated national song, 'Was ist der Deutschen Vaterland?' '*Wo ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*' says every one is familiar with Anastatius Grün's 'Walks of a Viennese *Rambler*,' meaning his *Spatziergänge eines Wiener Poeten*; and universally puts a surperfluous *r* at the end of her adjective following a definite article, as 'Der armer, guter Ferdinand;' 'Der alter Herr,' &c., for 'Der arme, gute Ferdinand,' 'Der alte Herr,' &c.

These facts betray no *very* profound acquaintance with the language, and must put the reader on his guard against the high tone of pretension in the work. Nevertheless, we repeat, that our baroness knows much more than most who write on this country and people, and we again say that we are glad to have a book from such a person. It enables us to perceive how many important things look from the regal and aristocratical point of view. It is very evident that our authoress has taken pains to make herself well acquainted with the *on dits* and the current opinions in the fashionable circles of Germany. She has shown, while amongst the higher classes there, a deep sympathy with them, and has been well crammed as a person who was pretty sure to publish what she heard. When Mrs. Trollope announced her intention of visiting Vienna after she had so unmercifully quizzed the Americans, great was the consternation of the sensitive Viennese. They said, we shall be ridiculed before all Europe. But the crafty Metternich bade them not to alarm

themselves; that it should not be so; and immediately on Mrs. Trollope's arrival a messenger from the cunning minister waited on her, expressing the pleasure of his highness at the visit of so celebrated an author, and offering her every courtesy and opportunity for her observations. Mrs. Trollope was feted, and most markedly noticed by the prince, and we all know the result.

We have no doubt that a similar policy has been practised in the case of Madame de Bury, and the effect has been the same. She sees everything *colour de rose*. Everything Austrian, Prussian, and Russian, is admirable in her eyes. The Prince de Chambord and his princess are equally wise, amiable, and fascinating. They are as certainly destined to mount the ancient, recreated throne of France, as that it was burnt on the flight of poor defunct Louis Philippe. Madame de Bury looks on France as the centre of all revolutions—that its contagion has really touched nothing but the surface of things in any other country except Baden—and yet that France is on the verge of return to the good old monarchical system ordained of heaven.

Nothing can be more comfortable than the faith of Madame de Bury in everything that has a smack of ancient blood in it. There, as a matter of course, all sagacity and all goodness are inherent. That these old legitimate princes and governments have ruined both themselves and their people by their follies, their wars, and their profuse expenditure, passes for nothing with her; they are still the only people, and the only governments, that can find favour with God or man. And she has a marvellous knack of leaving untouched all the nuts that are hard to crack, of passing over disagreeable facts, and revelling in sunshiny self-gratulations and rose-pink assertions. She has a very convenient sort of logic, of that kind by which people make all look proper that is agreeable to themselves. The old emperor, Franz, had a way of constantly borrowing money, instead of confining himself to the legitimate sphere of taxation; but then he was so kind and paternal. It is true that a very stand-still and obstructive policy prevailed during his reign and the administration of Metternich, but to the baroness it is quite clear that neither Franz nor Metternich were to blame for it. Franz would have his way, but then it was such a good, amiable way, and Metternich really wished things altered, but he knew that Franz would not consent, and so matters went on till the explosion came. The silly, but *gütige* son of Franz, was driven from the throne, and Metternich, who had been standing still, contrary to his convictions, all his life, was obliged to fly, contrary to his inclination. Anarchy and murder horrify the pleasure-loving city of Vienna; the empire is threatened with

being rent into fragments; the best blood of its people is poured out like water, and the name of Austria stands branded with the worst characters of savagery and atrocity.

In like manner the present young soldier of an emperor is 'Ein herrlicher Junge,' and his mother who rules him, 'the noblest of the mothers of Europe;' yet by these people the imbecile Windischgrätz and the bloody Haynau were employed along with the Russians to butcher the Hungarians. They did their work in such a style as awoke the execration and horror of the whole civilized world. They were in consequence dismissed; yet in Madame de Bury's eyes, they are still two particularly kind and feeling men; and she thinks *after what they have done* for Austria, their dismissal at least is strange.

But in no case does her enthusiasm reach such a height as in the case of the Ban Jellachich. It is clear that in him she is '*gang verliebt*,' quite enamoured. We will anon quote a few of her heroics in praise of this chief, who, she says, saved Austria, though all the world besides imagine that Russia did.

Of course, her abuse of the Hungarians is equally hearty with her laudation of the Austrians and Croats. Every story propagated by the Austrian court and aristocracy to defame the Hungarians, is retailed as confidently as if it had not already received the fullest refutation from the most competent quarters, or did not bear on its face the unmistakable imprint of malice and absurdity. Kossuth is a 'great actor,' cowardly and cruel; while Haynau is a lamb, he is painted as a wolf. Batthyányi is, a traitor of the deepest dye, and the instigator of the murder of Count Latour. It matters not that Madame Pulzsky, in her interesting '*Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady*,' has shown the miserable folly of these charges on the evidence of the most unquestionable documents; Madame de Bury skips over these facts, though she knows them, for she has read Madame Pulzsky's work, and refers to it. Such is the general nature of the book. Some of the limnings of her different heroes and heroines cannot but be amusing, and we therefore proceed to give a few of them.

The first idol of Madame de Bury's volumes is Frederic William IV. of Prussia.

'There is,' she says, 'perhaps, no sovereign at this hour, in all Europe, so little known and so much talked of, so abused and so misunderstood, as the King of Prussia. This,' she adds, 'is not astonishing; for there is, perhaps, in all Europe, no individual in whose character there are so many delicate shades.'—Vol. i. p. 328.

We, on the contrary, are disposed to think that there is no monarch of the present day whose character is now so well

understood. Madame de Bury goes into statements and arguments, of many pages in extent, to prove the exemplary piety, the dauntless courage, the love of the arts and of learning, and the exalted patriotism of King Frederick William. We have no doubt that Frederick William is quite as convinced of his possession of all these noble qualities as is his eulogist, for the Prussian monarch is a huge egotist—sensitive, of a most nervous temperament, and of a most determined self-will. Of his real possession of a love of art and literature we willingly concede the acknowledgment. He has attracted to his capital many men of the highest celebrity, in their different walks of art, literature, and science. The names of Humboldt, Tieck, Rückert, Savigny, the brothers Grimm, cast a lustre on his capital and his reign. Rauch, the sculptor, and Cornelius and Kaulbach, the great painters, have embellished Berlin with their works; but it would have added materially to the honour of the king had these great men been able to acknowledge that they were, under his government, as free in their liberty of speech and action as they are illustrious by their genius. No monarch of Germany, however, has put great minds so much into a painful thralldom; no monarch has so persecuted the liberal professors of literature, or has cast the press of the country into such ignominious slavery.

No doubt Frederick William deems himself truly pious, but of what avail is that piety which, while it worships in its closet, persecutes abroad the professions of other and yet kindred creeds? It is notorious that at the time that Frederick William was in England, on his knees by the side of Mrs. Fry, his orders at home were effecting the ruin and the expulsion of his Lutheran subjects, for their refusal to abandon the doctrines and rites of their own church, taught them by their forefathers, and dear to their hearts, as they were sacred to their consciences, in order to conform to a new and mongrel church, shaped out by the arbitrary will of their paternal king. His father began the shameful attempt, and he himself completed it. The ruin of many thousands of once happy families—the expatriation of 6,000 such families, are the historic testimony to the peculiar piety of Frederick William of Prussia. Nor did his desire of arbitrarily sporting with the faith and the consciences of his subjects end here. He had formed a scheme, and nothing but the coming of the late revolution would have prevented its carrying out, of moulding all the religious bodies of his kingdom, the Protestant ones, at least, into one monster church, on the model of the British Establishment, as he yearns to build up an aristocracy on the British model.

And what of his political truth and rectitude so much vaunted

by Madame de Bury? 'Does any one question his political conscientiousness? Hear him refuse the imperial crown!'

'On the 21st of March, 1848, the town of Berlin, so recently convulsed with insurrection, so soon to be plunged again into the gulf of popular misrule—the town of Berlin has but one voice, and that voice cries *instinctively* (for not a word of this had been uttered at the *Pauls-kirche*) "Long life to Frederick William, *Emperor of Germany!*"

"No!" replies firmly, impressively, the king, "*that I neither will nor may. No crown! no more authority! No prince will I dethrone, no right will I usurp. Mark it well!*" he repeats, as though fearful his hearers should mistake; "mark it well, inscribe it accurately on your memories; I will *but one thing only*—the glory and freedom of Germany! Nothing *more, nothing else!*"'—*Ib.* p. 324.

Fine words! and such Frederick William is very much in the habit of using. But where are the proofs of a sincere desire for the glory and freedom of Germany? At his *Huldigung*, on ascending the throne, he used like language—he promised his people a free and representative government: he never gave it. They petitioned for it again and again. The landtag of the Rhenish provinces did it from year to year. The king repulsed their prayers, and insulted them by most violent and unmeasured language. He put the press into heavier fetters; he threw into prisons all those who dared to breathe a reminder of his promises. This went on till the French revolution of February 1848; and then came all those horrors, and those convulsions which the faithful maintenance of his word would have prevented.

And why did the Prussian monarch refuse the imperial crown when the deputation from the Frankfort parliament made him the offer of it in April, 1849? Madame de Bury makes it an act of the most magnanimous renunciation in him.

'He swerved,' she says, 'no more from the right than does the needle from the pole; and in the face of a deputation, who came with an appearance of loyalty to impose upon him the imperial dignity, of a people full of ambition, and panting for its own renown—of Austria, rendered by three wars nerveless for a fourth—of German governments, harassed, frightened, distracted, ready to submit to anything—and of German populations, crying out for his consent—Frederick William, the Hohenzoller, refused the crown, as did his ancestor, because his conscience forbade him to accept it.'—*Ib.* p. 326.

We believe that the simple reason which determined the king of Prussia to refuse the crown thus offered was, that the offer came from the people and not from the princes. In our great revolution of 1688, our ancestors determined that all power proceeded from the people. They inscribed this great fact on

the Bill of Rights; and William of Orange had the wisdom to acknowledge and to accept the grand truth. But William of Prussia, after more than a century and a half of European history and European enlightenment, can see no legitimate authority but existent in 'the crowned heads and princes.' In fact, since then, on the occasion of a deputation from his parliament, he has indulged in a high-flown strain about the divine right of kings. Such is the Prussian monarch, who draws forth strains of enthusiastic eulogy from our authoress. Had he accepted the crown offered by the united votes of a great people, Germany might now have reached the point towards which it must yet probably travel, through many sorrows and confusions; but then he would have forfeited the fervent admiration of the Baroness Blaze de Bury.

From Frederick William of Prussia our authoress passes to Ernest of Hanover, and only to find topics of praise. Very appropriately she puts the compliments on the king of Hanover into the mouth of the Ban Jallachich. While she confesses that Ernest is hated at home and abroad as a despot, she finds one quality to commend him for—firmness. We believe no one will dispute the monarch's possession of this quality; we only wish that he could add to it some others which might give a grace to it in our minds; but Madame de Bury expends the great amount of her admiration on Austria and its governors and generals, and to them we therefore turn our immediate attention. First of all, she confers on the Austrians generally all admirable qualities. Many they undoubtedly possess, but cultivation of intellect is the last for which people in general give them credit.

'Talk to an Austrian peasant upon the subjects he understands—for he does not burthen himself with any of the loose luggage which the so-called "high degree of intellectual cultivation" in our day drags after it—and you will find his perceptions quick, and his judgment sure, besides which, there is a method, a regularity about all he does, which strikes you forcibly after you have come from Northern Germany. His intelligence is neither lofty nor dazzling, but it is broad and deep, and, like most things both profound and large, presents a flat surface to the eye. Hence it is so often misjudged by those who do not care to penetrate beyond the mere surface. It is an eminently practical intelligence, useful as a corn-field without poppies in it; but "'cuteness is a quality it quite ignores.'"—Vol. ii. p. 43.

One naturally after this looks round for the evidence on the face and history of the nation of this 'intellect broad and deep' and of this 'practical intelligence.' But it is not worth while on such a subject to be too particular; let us hear what our baroness says of the Ban. She is in raptures with all the amiable traits

of the Croats in general, whom we are accustomed to regard as demi-savages. But we leave them for her portrait of the Ban.

‘To judge of the enthusiasm of all ranks, you must speak with the Croats and the red-mantled Sereschaners, who followed their Ban through the *Rothen-Thurm-Strasse* into the ever gay and now devastated Vienna; from Baden—the Baden near Vienna—whither all who could do so had flown, to the *Stephans-Thurm*, the progress of the faithful Croats round their heroic chief was a triumph. Wherever they camped, they were at all hours the objects of universal attention from men and women of all ranks; and it was not rare to see the fairest, noblest daughters of Austria holding intercourse, by means of little gifts, with these rude, simple men, whose language they often did not understand. As to the Ban, it was not enthusiasm—that is far too cold a term—it was frenzied adoration that followed his every step; and I doubt whether his own Croats, deeply, devotedly as they love Jellachich, could ever have more ardently expressed their admiration and their love for him than did the rescued, liberated Viennese. On the 1st of November it was not alone Vienna, nor even Austria, that was saved—it was the cause of civilization in Europe.’—*Ib.* p. 143.

That the Croats are the saviours of European civilization will, we expect, be news to our readers. But our authoress’s frenzied adoration of the Ban at least equals that of any fair Viennese, and we must show it.

‘Jellachich!—oh! how the sound of that name calls upon me imperatively to stop and tell only of him! But I must go a little farther before I speak of the man who embodies the whole of this period in South Slavonia—more, oh! far more even than that.’—*Ib.* p. 251.

“Long life to our hero, to our glorious Ban!”

‘And “glorious” is he in every sense of the term; worthy of eternal glory, of undying historic fame.

“Austria is full of heroes just now,” said to me in Munich, the fair and interesting Countess T——, herself an Austrian [by the way, if heroes are so abundant, why, we again ask, did Austria call in the Russians to enable it to deal with a single province?] “But try to see Jellachich, for rely upon it he is what is most perfectly unlike any other being of our times!” And she was right: Jellachich is unlike any one, and stands alone in the wild splendour of his proud fame. He is well formed to be the poetic idol of a poetic race; well formed to be surrounded by them with tender and superstitious reverence.

‘Think of him at the battle of Pacozd, and see whether such untaught spirits may not well believe he holds a charmed life.

‘It was in the month of September, 1848; the foe was before him. The Ban, from the chaussée where his staff was assembled around him, gave the order to turn the enemy’s flank: it was misunderstood, and his troops rushed straight on into the very densest destruction dealt around by the cannon of the Magyars. A fearful cry rent the air, “We are betrayed!”—*Betrayed!* and Jellachich was by! There was no time for reflection; deeds must forestall thought. The Ban

snatched the standard from its bearer, and waving it on high, dashed on, crying, "Who is there will follow me?" *All* followed him; and as, flag in hand, he spurred his headlong course direct upon the enemies' batteries, a thousand "zivios"—the Croatian *vivat*—literally made the welkin ring. Death reaped a giant harvest, and the Croats were laid low like ripe wheat; but the Ban, ever foremost where danger raged the hottest, remained unscathed, untouched. The victory was gained; and the soldiers whose maimed bodies over-filled the field-hospitals echoed, as they resigned their limbs to the surgeon's knife, the cry which led them on to glory—"Zivio Ban!" It was a talisman, a watchword against pain. Some shouted it in triumph, some murmured it in death, but the same words came from every loving heart—Zivio Ban!

'I defy any one, unless he be of stone, and inaccessible to all ennobling emotion, to approach Jellachich unmoved. There is something about him that inspires you with involuntary respect. You reverence while you admire him. The one expression which dominates all others in the fine countenance of the Ban, is goodness: a goodness, a kindness, which draws you irresistibly towards him, and makes you instantly feel that you could trust your life in his hands. On his head, bare now, sits intelligence, sovereign-like; round the gently smiling lips hang the peculiar cast of melancholy which is so essentially Slavonian; but in the eye beams forth a brightness of intellect and magnanimity which at once reveals all the treasures of the soul within.

'I am strongly tempted to believe that the troubles of the last two years in Europe have produced but *one man*, and that he is Jellachich. He is a living denial of all the falseness, all the baseness, all the corruption of our times. He is an embodied protestation against disloyalty; and while in every country every unworthy passion has been let loose, whilst everywhere men thirsted (let no one say they *aspired*), for pomp, for power, for even viler gains, Jellachich has been perhaps the only one who, from the peculiarity of his position, has practised *renouncement*. To play the part of Waldstein *successfully*, nay, almost without an obstacle, lay before him, and, as I have said, *he would not be a Waldstein*. Friedland's fame was too small, and Jellachich disdained it. Friedland's honour had a stain, and Jellachich must be immaculate. Duty-worship, the enthusiasm for the *right*, these are the incentives to every action of the Ban.'—*Ib.* 264—266.

Such is the tone, such is the style, in which not only the Ban, but also every one on the side of despotism and legitimacy is spoken of in these volumes. Every one in his turn is daubed with the same lavish colouring. This may save us the trouble of quoting the author's sketches of the Emperor of Austria, of Windischgrätz, and Haynau. All are heroes, all amiable, all most able men. It matters not that the Ban was a proclaimed traitor at the commencement of the Hungarian revolution, seeking his own aggrandisement at the expense of his loyalty, he is still actuated by *renouncement*. What re-

nouncement? None, certainly, but that of his allegiance. Pardoned, on condition that he ravaged the territory of his fellow-subjects, and aided in destroying the ancient constitution of Hungary, he is yet full of *duty-worship*. Always defeated when opposed to the victorious Magyars, and even in the act of flight before them when he took his course to Vienna, he is yet a hero of the first magnitude, and the saviour of the empire, as if no Russians had been in the field. No wonder that Windischgrätz, the solemn and imbecile Windischgrätz, who could bombard the undisciplined people of Prague and Vienna, but became a cypher before the brave Magyars, is still a great and humane man in Madame de Bury's eyes, and that Haynau is tenderness itself. What the people of this country think of this last hero, the rough but right-hearted men of Barclay and Perkins's brewery have proclaimed to all Europe. In vain does the 'Times,' which never uttered a word of pity for the noble women whom this monster flogged, or for the patriotic Bathányi whom he shot as a traitor, pule over the rough handling of this savage as a disgrace to this country. The fact will go out to all Europe, and will be received everywhere as the honest expression of the common people of England of the indignation with which the Austrian barbarities have been witnessed in this country. In every age the spirit of Englishmen in the ordinary classes, rough and unsophisticated, has spurned the mere expression of complaisance, and given vent to its detestation of monsters of cruelty. As the men of Wapping treated Jeffries, so have the men of Barclay and Perkins's brewery treated Haynau, the savage of the nineteenth century.

Passing, therefore, all the flattering portraitures of the rest of Madame de Bury's Austrian heroes and princes, and equally so the dirt which she flings liberally at the heads of Kossuth, Mazzini, and at all who sought to defend the liberties of their countries, as Hampden, and Cromwell, and Pym, defended theirs here, we will only say, that in one particular we perfectly agree with her—that by far the greater portion of the late European revolutionists were, unfortunately, demoralized by infidelity. This was, and must ever prove, a fatal fact for the success of republican opinions. This does not in any degree apply to the Hungarians, for they were neither republicans nor revolutionists, but were fighting for the preservation of their old and established constitution. They were, for the most part, too, men of sound Christian faith. But in France, in Germany, and in a great degree in Italy, the long practised follies and tricks of Catholicism, and the reaction of Hegelian and Straussian scepticism, have swept away every solid foundation on which to build a satisfactory system of political and social polity. Socialism

and infidelity are sands on which no enduring structure can be raised. Their advocates have cut away with the fetters of despotism all the bonds of moral principle, and no two men can agree as to the length to which they shall go, or the principle on which they shall lay their foundation. From the first we foresaw the chaos which this must produce in Germany, and nothing can have been more deplorable than the reality. Add to this the utterly undisciplined nature of the German mind in all that relates to national government on representative and moral principles, and any one acquainted with that country must have been prepared for what has taken place. In England we have been habituating ourselves to representative government ever since we had parliaments, and in the contest with Charles I. we laid that clear basement of popular right which the continental nations are but now endeavouring to lay. In doing this they have yet little conception of working out great constitutional results by anything but crime and homicide. They have learned little of that compromise which every man must make with the spirit of the times. So long as every man, however ultra be his idea, will not consent that any but that idea shall rule, there must be confusion and defeat. Till they learn that the opinion of the majority in a nation must rule so long as it *remains* the opinion of the majority, and that it is the great work of those who are in advance of that opinion to bring the multitude up to this advanced standard by moral and argumentative means, they have not learned the first rudiments of successful popular government.

A great number of the most active spirits throughout Europe are yet in this impractical condition, and what is worse, without any religious faith to give anchorage to their political theories. We must, therefore, expect yet for a long time that physical force, and the ponderous pressure of soldiery, will bear down reform, and that monarchs will find the strongest security of their arbitrary thrones in the disintegrated moral stamina, and the religious dislocation of their peoples. There we are perfectly agreed with Madame de Bury. The mental revolution of Europe has not yet completed itself; the political is, therefore, at present an impossibility.

But leaving the political and legitimist element in these volumes, we find much that is charming and true. The writer is full of talent, observation, taste, and wit. She looks about her with a penetrating glance, and describes what she sees with much spirit and vivacity; yet she sometimes gives curious proofs of her assertions. For instance, after praising the Austrian women for active kindliness of heart, and saying, 'It is *in* them, they are all so,' she presents us with a sketch of her

reception in an inn at Anstellen, which certainly would favour a very different opinion, and which we should extract did space permit.

Amongst the singular historical facts which Madame de Bury digs out of the records of Germany, the following, relating to the Dukes of Brunswick, is extremely curious, and will be read with interest by all, especially as we have so long had one of this ill-fated race living amongst us.

‘A more melancholy city than Brunswick never served as a residence to a more fated race. There is somewhat funereal about the very railway station. You fancy you are entering the burying-place of dead locomotives, and the very sandwiches you buy have a look of “funereal baked meats.”

‘Bürger was a Brunswicker; I don’t wonder he wrote “*Lenore*.” Living amongst these black Jägers, I don’t see how he could do otherwise. . . . Brunswick is a *Todtengrube*, and in its still streets those black Schützen stalk about mysteriously. There is a ducal palace—and a mighty handsome one it is—but it is shut up and uninhabited. Where is the duke? At the hunt. Where? In the Harz, at his castle of Blankenburg. Why even that sounds strange, and makes one think of the *Wild Huntsman*.

‘There are two things in Brunswick—a lion and a church—both date from the time of the hero of the house of Guelph, Heinrich der Löwe. The lion is open-mouthed, and in the act of showing his teeth, which the sorely-vexed duke intended as symbolical of what he himself would do to his enemies. The bronze monster stands upon a pedestal upon the north side of the cathedral of St. Blazius, built by Henry the Lion in 1172. And this same church is the real house of the princes of Brunswick, who, to my mind, have not fulfilled their mission till they are lowered into its dark vaults. What they do down in these cold chambers when the brazen doors are closed upon them, and the upper world shut out, that none may return to tell; but that in those coffin-furnished caves there are mysteries we wot not of, of that I feel perfectly convinced. There they lie, all of them, or nearly all—the Lion, Henry, and his wife, Matilda of England,’ &c. &c.

‘In 1090 Markgraf Eckbert, of Thüringen and Saxony, and lord of Brunswick, was assassinated by his serving-men, who, at his residence of Hogeworth, near Eisenbüttel, fell upon him with axes and killed him.

‘Augustus Ferdinand, son of Ferdinand Albert I., in storming the Schellenberg, near the town of Donauwörth, with the banner of Brunswick in his hand, rushed to the assault, and fell shot by a bullet in his left temple, at twenty-seven.

‘In 1741, Prince Louis Ernest was killed at the fight of Molvitz by the troops of his brother Ferdinand, against whom he had rebelled.

‘In 1758 Frederick Francis, son of Ferdinand Albert II., was shot in the head by a cannon-ball at Hochkirchen, at twenty-six. In 1761 Albert Henry, son of Duke Charles, was shot in the neck in a skirmish

between the Brunswick and French troops, and after a six days' torture, died at nineteen. In 1770, William Adolph, son of the same Duke Charles, died of violent inflammation of the lungs in the Russian camp at Oczakow, at twenty-five. In 1785, Duke Maximilian Leopold was drowned in the Oder at the age of thirty-three. The town of Frankfort-on-the-Oder was surprised by the rushing flood, and the fear of death by inundation caused the inhabitants to fly on all sides. The duke, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the stream, and set about the work of rescue. "I am a man like the rest," said he to those who besought him to avoid endangering his life, "and other men's lives must be cared for as well as mine."

'In 1815 we all know that Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick, was shot at Quatre Bras.'—*Ib.* pp. 142—147.

Madame de Bury would have produced a work extremely agreeable to all readers had she avoided coming forth so decidedly as a partisan; as it is, it will be warmly welcomed by one party only. Those who wish to see the light in which that party regards the late revolutions and the leading characters in them, will find what they want here. In one place the authoress gives some hard hits to our own nation, by referring to our treatment of India and Ireland; but she should know that the sins of one people will not excuse those of another. She says, that for the punishment of treason we need go no further than to the Irish rebellion. We need not go so far as the rebellion she alludes to, we need only go to that of Smith O'Brien. The parallel attempted to be drawn between our Irish traitors and Count Batthyányi, is an unfortunate one. Batthyányi was shot having committed no treason, having only, and that most legally, stood by the constitution of his country; Smith O'Brien, who did rebel, and did all in his power to involve England and Ireland in civil war, was not shot, but admitted to the mild punishment of banishment. Had the clemency which has distinguished England in this last case distinguished Austria, the world would have been spared a most repulsive spectacle, and Austria a foul and indelible stain on her reputation. On this head the opinion of all civilized Europe is pretty well settled, and though Madame de Bury's work may amuse by its variety of information, and often interest by its eloquent arguments, it will fail to convince the world that legitimacy is the only legitimate thing, or that Austria is a mild and enlightened country.

ART. V.—1. *Dr. Scoffern on Refining and Improving the Manufacture of Sugar.* London: Longman & Co. 1849.

2. *Correspondence laid upon the table of the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in July last.*
3. *Correspondence omitted from the above, but forming a Key to it, published by Dr. Scoffern, consisting of Letters of his own, and of several Gentlemen of Scientific and Commercial Eminence, bearing upon the process.*

It rarely falls to our lot to advert to a subject involving more extensive interests or results of a more thrilling character, than that on which we now enter. In the whole range of science nothing is so calculated to arrest attention, as the startling discoveries made from time to time in the laboratory of the chemist. This department of mental investigation is so vast and so fertile, that it leaves the fabled El Dorado immeasurably in its rear. Indeed, so astounding are its gifts that to it the world may be said to owe half its present grandeur and stupendous wealth. It has enabled mankind to condense whole centuries into an hour; or, to borrow the words of an eloquent living writer, it has made 'a point inconceivably distant yesterday its goal to-day, and its starting-post to-morrow.' Men have almost ceased to wonder at seemingly inexplicable phenomena becoming every-day facts, or at shapes which were magnified by the mist of the past, and which would have startled our forefathers out of their propriety, becoming indispensable companions of our hearths and homes. These remarks but appropriately introduce a discovery made and patented by Dr. John Scoffern, an Englishman of great scientific eminence.

It has been long known to the scientific world, that the acetates of lead are the most effective means for the manufacture and refining of sugar, inasmuch as the crystallization under their influence is complete. Acetate of lead, however, in combination with the sugar, is deleterious to health; and chemists have been baffled in their efforts to combine with its use any known agent for its removal after the work of defecation is at an end. To Dr. Scoffern, at length, the honour is conceded of having demonstrated the perfect practicability of converting the lead by the application of sulphurous acid gas into the form of sulphite of lead, the latter being innocuous, and of effecting the removal of the sulphite by the mechanical contrivance of filtra-

tion. But this achievement, interesting as it is, and must be to the scientific man, would lack the greater part of its present value were it not that certain results flow from the discovery so vast, so fraught with consequences to the prosperity of our colonies and of the mother country, and so pregnant with good to the great cause of humanity, that we can place it only side by side with the great discoveries of an Arkwright or a Watt.

Let us look a little at the interests and the product which this invention is designed to affect. They are the prosperity of 800,000 human beings in our West India Colonies, made free by vast philanthropic effort, and the expenditure of twenty millions sterling; the probable overthrow of slavery and the slave-trade in the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Brazil, in which not less than 7,000,000 of human beings are reduced to the condition of cattle, and compelled to wear away a miserable existence denuded of every thing which makes life cherishable; and, finally, the increase to an amazing degree, and the greatly augmented purity, of an article which, though a luxury, has become almost a necessary of life.

It may not be generally known, that in consequence of the imperfection of the ordinary process of sugar manufacture in the colonies, 66 per cent. of the juice is totally lost; that the planter has long regarded the redemption of this large proportion as hopeless; that his aim is, therefore, to produce, as economically as possible, so large an excess that he shall be able to bear this loss without injury; that in India, the native processes of sugar extraction are so rude and so destructive, that it may be safely asserted that 75 per cent. of the sugar existing in the juice operated upon is entirely destroyed in obtaining the remainder. The amount of sugar in the cane-juice varies from 17 to 23 per cent., but the average quantity extracted by the ordinary process is about 7 per cent., and that in an impure state. Well might Dr. Scoffern express his incredulity in terms like the following:—‘That there should exist any necessity for the loss of two-thirds of any material in producing, combined with a host of impurities, the remaining third, I could not believe, so opposed did the notion appear to every analogous case, so inconsistent with all chemical harmony.’

But the loss does not end here; for so imperfect is the process of crystallization applicable to the remaining 34 per cent., that not infrequently a large proportion of the sugar is lost by drainage on its way to the distant market. ‘At the expiration of many weeks,’ says Dr. Scoffern, ‘the drainage is so incomplete, that it is not unusual for some 20 per cent. of the weight of a hogshead of sugar to leak into the hold of a ship on its way to Europe and to be pumped into the sea. In a recent case

which came under my notice, 25 per cent. had thus been lost, and the master of a trading vessel informed Dr. Evans, as I am told by this gentleman, that his ship was often one and a half foot deeper in the water off Barbadoes than when it arrived in the Bristol Channel.' We may add to the foregoing that a further loss of from 5 to 6 per cent. takes place during the warehousing at the docks. Now the difficulty of perfect drainage under the ordinary system is not merely mechanical. Contrivances of the mechanist might be multiplied without end: they can effect only a slight modification of the evil. The difficulty is purely chemical, and it arises from the utter inefficiency of the old process to secure a perfect crystallization of the sugar. A knowledge of these facts has given rise to various efforts of a chemical nature to free the liquor so entirely from its impurities, that the work of crystallizing should be complete. The ordinary defecating agent in the colonies is lime; but this is but partially efficacious, and is, moreover, destructive to the sugar. Alumina, in various forms, has also been employed for the same purpose, suggested no doubt by its successful application in the manufacture of vegetable colouring matters; but the work of defecation is very partial. With a view of rendering it as successful as possible, the Hon. Mr. Howard, a gentleman of scientific eminence, proposed a mixture of sulphate of lime, free lime, and alumina. In France, and other countries where sugar is largely manufactured from beet root, the sulphate of alumina is employed, but its defecating properties fall far short of the justifiable demands of the chemist. 'Very far superior to all other agents as precipitants are the acetates, particularly the basic or subacetates of lead.' Of the properties of these acetates as precipitants, chemists have long been aware; their use in the laboratory for the removal of albuminous and colouring matters is common, and in the highest degree successful. Every attempt, however, to employ them for the same end in sugar even in the laboratory was unsuccessful, and on the large manufacturing scale a total failure. Dr. Scoffern says, 'the problems to be solved are these: either to use the lead salt in such exact proportion to the amount of impurity with which it is intended to combine, that both shall fall down in combination and be capable of removal; or to add a known excess of lead salt to the solution, to separate the precipitate caused by filtration, then to throw down from the filtering liquor all the remaining lead by means of some precipitating agent not productive of injury to sugar; and as a subsidiary problem, to remove the acetic acid liberated from the lead, either as an insoluble compound, or to combine it with some body that shall neither be injurious to sugar nor to

health, and separable, if possible, by the process of drainage. Such are the necessities of the case.'

Now the first problem involves an impossibility, since the use of any quantity of lead, however small, invariably leaves a residuum of lead in the filtered liquor, and chemists can well account for the fact. The second problem, therefore, is the one, the solution of which accomplishes the desired result; for the removal of the lead, therefore, chemists usually employ hydrosulphuric acid gas, an agent which effects the object only by spoiling the sugar. And the progress of discovery was impeded for a time by the chemical error of attributing this disaster to the wrong cause, namely, to the lead, and not to the gas. The next agent employed for the purpose of removing or converting the lead, was sulphuric acid. Here the difference betwixt the laboratory and the manufactory strikingly appears. Nothing but the exactness of the former enables the experimentalist to accomplish the result. If applied in too small quantities, the result is a residuum of lead, which is both injurious to health, and in boiling destructive to sugar; if in excess, a conversion of the sugar into 'glucose, glucic, melasinic, sacchulmic, sacchumic, acids, &c., takes place.' 'The agency of lead then seemed hopeless. Its remarkable action was witnessed, admired, and abandoned until 1839, when Messrs. Gwynne and Young took out a patent for the separation of the excess of lead by means of the diphosphate of lime; an agent which in the laboratory can be made to succeed perfectly,' but which, on the score of expense and uncertainty, is totally inapplicable on a large scale. The result, however, of all these operations, and the experience of chemists at large, went to establish the principle that the acetates of lead of themselves were not injurious to sugar, effected the work of defecation completely, but left unsolved the problem of abstracting the lead without spoiling their own beautiful work.

In July 1847, Dr. Scoffern mastered the problem. The precipitant is sulphurous acid gas, which has been tried on a large scale in the refinery during the intervening period, and the result is the complete removal of the lead, and the establishment of a principle, which must, if rightly and promptly applied, revolutionize the British sugar-growing colonies.

Let us now glance at the subsequent history of this discovery. The inventor put himself in communication with the proprietors of a large sugar refinery in Cork, Messrs. Evans and Thwaites, who thought so highly of the process, that they recommended its being secured to the inventor by patent. It was accordingly patented here and in every country in which one could be obtained. At a great expense the process was carried out on

the premises of these gentlemen, and in January 1849, their house was especially adapted to the new operation. Here the process was carried on upon a large scale, and many scientific and commercial gentlemen, including the representative of a large refining house in London, saw it in full play, and were thoroughly satisfied of its complete success. With respect to the manufacture of sugar, a portion of cane juice was obtained from Barbadoes, and submitted to the agency of the patent, and the result was the extract of 20 per cent. of sugar against 7 per cent. obtained by the ordinary process abroad. Success having thus far attended the labours of the inventor, a model sugar laboratory, and a model refinery, was built in London, a number of intelligent men were brought together by him, and were sent with full instructions to different parts of the world, British and foreign, to extend the process. Now (will it be believed?) the real difficulties of the patentee commence. There is no chicanery in nature; conformity to her laws is all that is requisite to elicit a true and satisfactory response; she has no backstair influence at work to baffle the ingenious and persevering student in his efforts to simplify the machinery for increasing human food, clothing, or the means of locomotion. All this is the invention of man, the growth of selfishness, to be used by man against his fellow, for the aggrandizement of the unit, and the injury of the great aggregate. To the common persecution of men of genius and worth, Dr. Scoffern is no exception; the magnitude of the results of his discovery, however, may, perhaps, be taken as a measure of the magnitude of the obstructions which have been thrown in his way. In an invention of minor import it is sufficient if the craft which it is designed to affect be let loose upon the offending innovator; but in one designed to promote the welfare of millions, nothing short of the power of Government is deemed sufficient to crush the daring pretender.

In the month of May, 1849, Mr. Charles, of the firm of Messrs. Smith and Charles, of 74, Old Broad-street, the agents for the patent, thought he might be able to forward the process through the medium of Mr. Hawes, the Under-Secretary of the Colonial Department. He accordingly addressed a letter to that gentleman, requesting an interview. The interview was declined. But judge of the surprise of the parties interested in the patent to find that the note declining the interview, enclosed the copy of a despatch, which had been forwarded by the Colonial Office, under the sign manual of Earl Grey, denouncing the patent, and warning the planters against its adoption on account of its dangerous character. The paternal solicitude of the Government for the people of the colonies, however, is irreconcilable with its indifference to the people at home. Sugar had been refined

by the process, and was in common use here, yet no note of warning was sounded from the Home Office to protect the lives and health of millions in the mother country. We presume it was not deemed so safe a contest to enter into here. A thousand eyes glare down upon the doings of Government, and a thousand tongues would be voluble with denunciation were any nefarious attempts practised at home.

This step of the Colonial Government, however, had the desired effect. Was it likely the planter would risk his crop to the certainty of destruction by the employment of a defecator which *the Government* had condescended to denounce as dangerous, though without inquiry, without precedent, and without notice to the inventor? The agents of the patentee were in consequence met everywhere by the caveat of Lord Grey, and rarely could they obtain a hearing, much less an opportunity of experimentizing in defence of the process. Where they did, however, we may add, the wolf cry of the Government was falsified, and the agents were able to send home samples of moist sugar in which the work of crystallization was complete, and the extract equal to 20 per cent. in place of 7 per cent. by the time-honoured but extravagant process of the existing manufactories. *After* the despatch of Lord Grey's letter, the representatives of the patentee succeeded in obtaining an interview with Mr. Hawes, who, in a very guarded manner, stated to them, 1. That the resolution of the Government had not been taken unadvisedly; 2. That the affair had been first pressed upon the consideration of the Board of Trade, and that the Board of Trade had pressed it on the Colonial Office; 3. That the Colonial Office was at first averse to interfere, *seeing that there was no precedent for interfering with private industry*. Finally, he informed them that another and superior process was under the consideration of Government. The invention referred to was by M. Melsens, a foreigner. To the agent of this gentleman the Government communicated the prohibitory step which had been taken by them in reference to Dr. Scoffern's process, but kept the latter totally in the dark respecting it. Suffice it to say, that although the invention of the foreigner was thus fostered by the British Government, it has proved an utter failure; although it was asserted that it had the imprimatur of Mr. Farraday, that gentleman had never seen it; and that whatever was valuable in the patent was neither more nor less than a piracy of Dr. Scoffern's invention, demonstrated by at least a dozen witnesses, and the work of Dr. Scoffern's, published before M. Melsen's discovery was ever heard of. But it should not be untold, that this gentleman, notwithstanding the worthlessness of his discovery, has been rewarded by the Belgian

Government with a pension, decorated with an order, and loaded with praise.

Ten months passed away from the issuing of the colonial protest, when the Government was again moved to action. In the month of March of the current year Mr. Wood (chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue), acting as the avowed agent of the Government, addressed a letter to the following gentlemen; viz., Dr. Thomson, Professor of Chemistry, University of Glasgow; Thomas Graham, Esq., Professor of Chemistry, University of London; and Dr. Hofmann, Professor of Chemistry, Royal College of Chemistry, London; with instructions to obtain samples of the sugar in its various stages through Dr. Scoffern's process, with a view to ascertain whether in the sugar, bastards, and molasses, any trace of deleterious ingredients could be found. Those gentlemen obtained from Messrs. Goodhart, Patrick, & Co., of London, and Messrs. Evans, Thwaites, & Co., of Cork, duly authenticated samples of the new process. They also obtained duly authenticated samples from one other house working by the ordinary process. The result of their examinations is thus stated:—'The lead found in the refined sugar (of the new process) is *minute*, the quantity not exceeding that occasionally acquired by the bastards and treacle in the ordinary process of manufacture. In the bastards of the new process, the proportion of lead is not great, but sensibly exceeds the latter standard. The lead appears to accumulate in the treacle, but in no case that we have had an opportunity of observing to such an extent as would justify us in pronouncing the treacle poisonous.'

Such was the report of the experimental chemists. Another class of gentlemen was now called in, not to experimentalize, but to adjudicate on the above report. These were Dr. Pereira, F.R.S., Dr. Taylor, F.R.S., and Dr. Carpenter, F.R.S. Mr. Wood, in writing to these gentlemen, transmits them the document furnished by the operative chemists, and requests their opinion, 'as medical jurists and practitioners, as to the safety of consuming sugar bastards and treacle so prepared.' He also furnishes them with a statement drawn up by Mr. George Phillips, Surveying General Examiner to the Board of Inland Revenue, showing the quantity of treacle consumed, at different places named, among the working classes, and the probable amount of lead that would be taken by each in a given period if the treacle were such as the experimentalists had described. The jurists thus appointed, in their general remarks at the conclusion of an elaborate report, say, 'For the reasons above assigned, it is our opinion that the treacle produced by Dr. Scoffern's process cannot be used as a daily article of food in the quantities specified

in the return, or even in smaller quantities, without exposing those who consume it to the risk of slow poisoning by lead.'

We have now before us the efforts of Government to satisfy its own mind on the subject of the safety, or otherwise, of Dr. Scoffern's process. After repeated applications for the report, on the 24th of July last the solicitors of Dr. Scoffern, Messrs. Coode, Browne, and Co., were summoned before the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Browne of that firm, and Mr. Smith of the firm of Messrs. Smith and Charles, attended, and the Chancellor at once announced the unfavourable character of the report, and intimated the necessity of immediately laying the papers on the table of the House. To this the deputation demurred, represented the probable injurious effect of such a course, and requested a further interview after an opportunity had been given of investigating the reports of the chemists and medical jurists. The Chancellor at once consented, but afterwards, when Messrs. Coode and Co. expressed their readiness to see him, requested that any communication they had to make might be in writing. A letter, entering fully into the objections raised in the course of the chemical investigation, together with sundry documents, one from Professor Brande, one from Messrs. Goodhart, Patrick, and Co., and two from Dr. Scoffern, were forwarded to the Chancellor, all of which, with the exception of one of Dr. Scoffern's—a very important letter—were presented by him to the House of Commons on the 14th of August. Now in those documents a full and satisfactory reply was given to all the objections urged by the operative chemists and the medical jurists. Dr. Scoffern maintains: 1. That they have chosen as their standard of comparison the sugars and treacle of only one manufacturer by the old process *selected by themselves*. 2. That they have chosen, under the new process, a sample of sugar and treacle for comparison which was put before them *as the result of first and imperfect machinery, and which they knew had been corrected before the sample was furnished*. 3. That they have not distinguished between lead in a noxious and lead in an innocent form. 4. That they have not stated their process of analysis with such precision as to enable any chemist to judge whether their results are entitled to confidence. 5. That they have not made any physiological experiments as to the nature of sulphite of lead, although the certificate of Dr. Gregory, as to the innocuity of that substance, had been furnished to them. To none of these reasonable objections has the slightest answer been given. Other analyses have been made of the produce of the new process by men of great scientific eminence, and the universal unqualified testimony of all of them is, that the slightest trace of lead, in any shape, is not to be found. The

Government, therefore, and their chemical supporters, are clearly bound to prove two things—first, that lead is to be found in the sugar and treacle manufactured, as a result of the patent process; and secondly, that it is in a shape which will prove deleterious to human health. The allegation that poison is used in the preparation of human food proves nothing, since it is notorious that large quantities of white and red lead, and leaden tanks and pipes, are used in the old process, and that sugar manufactured thereby does actually acquire a portion of lead in a shape which is dangerous to human health. What, then, can be the meaning of this outcry against, and opposition to, a process which can detect, at every stage of the manufacture, the existence of lead, convert it by an irresistible agent into a form in which it is harmless as chalk, and finally extrude it so that the most delicate tests of the laboratory shall fail to discover a trace of its presence? What can be more satisfactory than the challenge of the ingenious patentee, that he will ingest a quantity of sulphite of lead in its pure form, as long as his opponents will eat an equal quantity of chalk? Or more unanswerable than the fact, that the lead abstracted from the sugar refined by Dr. Scoffern's process has been administered by Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, to a variety of animals, for a long period, without the slightest deleterious effect; or the additional fact, that for two years past the sugar which has been refined by the patent agency has been sold in great quantities by two large refineries, and used, to the exclusion of all other, in the families, and at the table, of many gentlemen who can bear unequivocal testimony to its superior and perfectly harmless qualities? The suggestion of the Government to the chemists bearing upon the ignorant class who labour in the boiling-houses abroad, will apply with equal force to many other discoveries, in which time, common sense, and general utility, have beaten the monster prejudice and monopoly out of the field. Would not the objection have applied to the adoption of steam-power? to its application to locomotives? Does every engine-driver know the theory of propulsion by steam? Must he be an accomplished engineer? Can the people of this country trust their lives by millions to the velocity of a steam-engine driven by a man who cannot propound the theory of locomotion on railways? The objection is answered everywhere by ten thousand facts. In every occupation there must be competence, but the knowledge of the artisan is one thing, the knowledge of the inventor quite another. The most delicate processes are carried on every day in the manufactory by men who know nothing beyond their particular department, nay, even by children, with a delicacy and certainty which often astonish the very man whose invention

has lifted him to the pinnacle of human ambition, and made his name as imperishable as memory. Did Watt ever use the steam-engine, or Arkwright the spinning-jenny, or Stevenson the locomotive, as dexterously as the operative to whose hands, for human good, its wonder-working energies have been consigned? The objection to Dr. Scoffern's process on this ground is worthless.

Assuming, then, that it is proved that the patent is capable of extracting 18 to 20 per cent. of sugar, in place of 7 by the old process, and that it is as harmless, inexpensive, and facile, as it is represented to be, let us ask, what are its bearings upon two of the great questions of the day—the revivification of the West Indies, and the overthrow of slavery? Much has been written and spoken on the unquestionably ruinous condition of many of the estates in the West India islands, and numerous are the specifics which science and philanthropy have devised for their renovation; but they involve, in many cases, vast outlay—in others, a combination of circumstances which cannot be obtained, and results which are either problematical or very scanty. Now, undoubtedly, no one has ever been in a position to offer the planters there a return for their capital and energies, approximating in the remotest degree to the amazing profits which the adoption of this simple but beautiful process involves. Why, then, is it not adopted? The answer is, that it does not suit the interests of the great mercantile and refinery houses in this country. Hence the interference of Government—an interference as unprecedented as uncalled for. Where are the West India planters? They are bound hand and foot to the wheels of the merchant princes in this country. There can be no doubt on the mind of any thinking man, that with a prospect like that which Dr. Scoffern holds out to them, if they were free to act, that private interest in a degree far beyond Government charity would supply them with capital in the anticipation of such vast returns. That they are not thus free is certain, from the stupendous amounts which were received by the mercantile firms of this country, out of the twenty millions voted as compensation for the redemption of 800,000 slaves. Which way, therefore, should the Government direct its energies? In persecuting a man of genius, whose discovery is calculated to multiply threefold a great article of human food, or in taking a leaf from the book of a great, but departed statesman, and dealing with encumbered estates in the Antilles, as they have dealt with them across the Irish Channel? Is monopoly to maintain its sway for ever? Or is the stream of freedom to flow onward deeper and wider till it swell into the ocean? We trust, though late, the Government may reconsider their steps with regard to this

patent, and the whole of their policy with respect to the sugar producers of the West Indies, upon whom, at present, their regulation with respect to the sliding scale of duties—we refer not to the differential duties—acts as a direct premium on bad sugar.

In its anti-slavery bearing this discovery is of great importance. We have already referred to the number of human beings still in bondage in the Western World. Their occupation consists mainly in the production of cotton, coffee, rice, and sugar. The most destructive to human life, however, of these labours is, the manufacture of sugar. We have it on unquestioned authority, that a generation of slaves in the state of Louisiana, U.S., which is chiefly covered by sugar plantations, is used up every seven or eight years; that in Cuba, a large sugar-producing colony of the Spaniards, in the height of the season the slaves are taken from the field to the boiling-house, and actually worked under the lash twenty out of the twenty-four hours; and wherever the sugar manufacture is prosecuted by slave labour, the same terrific results are the consequence. Will nothing affect it? Is the monster to rear its hideous head for ever? Or, what the labours of well-directed philanthropy have failed to achieve, may it not have been reserved to the chemist in his laboratory to accomplish? Is it cheap labour which makes the slave-cursed soils of Louisiana, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Brazil, flourish, when Jamaica and the British possessions in the West, are pining with atrophy? Here, then, is a discovery which mocks the blood-stained economy of those regions. The slaver enters the field in vain against such a competitor. An agent which trebles the production, may laugh at the trifling advantage acquired by driving a kidnapping trade in the interior of Africa, to supply cheap labourers for the sugar plantations of America. But may not the patent be worked in Cuba, as well as in Jamaica? Doubtless, but not under the system now prevailing there. One-fourth of the labour will suffice to carry out the operation; a little knowledge of the process demonstrates this assertion. Beside, the tendency of improvements in the manufacture of sugar is in itself anti-slavery; the steam-engine becomes the slave, and the slave the intelligent superintendent of its movements. At present, the demand for manual labour is so great and insatiable, that the most vigorous exertions of the slavers cannot keep pace with it. Relax this demand, do away with the immense drain upon manual exertion, and multiply, notwithstanding, the produce three-fold, and where is slavery? It is, as far as sugar is concerned, virtually abolished. Now is not this an object worth contending for? Apply the patent where you will, in the British colonies of the West Indies, or in the slave districts of the United States, Spain, and Portugal, the result is

in kind the same. It may differ in degree. As applied to the British sugar-growing countries it offers greater advantages, since in the increase of quantity and reduction of the price of the article, it strikes a death-blow at slavery, and resuscitates, at the same time, the energies of a soil which formerly poured forth its wealth in abundance at our feet. The gain in this point of view is ours and the world's. But as applied to the produce of any other country, in the pecuniary advantage we could have no participation.

We commend the consideration of this important discovery, then, to our readers—to all who are interested in the advance of science and the amelioration of the human race. But upon the attention of the great anti-slavery public of this country, and the sugar-producing interests of the British dominions, we maintain that it has peculiar claims. The opposition which has been got up against it demands at their hands a strict investigation. To our minds, there is *prima facie* evidence of its groundlessness in the haste, partiality, and peculiar complexion of the interference of the Government. Would they as readily move to put down a practice, however baneful, which did not touch the monopoly of those who, from their wealth and influence, have power with its members, and too often prevail? They would not. Their supineness is proverbial. Their callousness to the most urgent and sustained appeals from many quarters is notorious. What is not to be hoped for from the Government, therefore, may be easily done by a discriminating public. Happily, the triumph of this great and valuable discovery rests ultimately with them. They can give it life and universality, and they alone. If once convinced of its immense power for good, they will not suffer it to sleep. Justice, self-interest, benevolence, will summon them to its aid, and the ingenious and laborious inventor will reap his reward.

ART. VI.—*A Fable for Critics*. New York: G. P. Putnam.

THIS book is a somewhat remarkable specimen of versifying power, energy of thought, and anonymous courage. Never was there a volume more full of poetry; title, preface, and notes, as well as text, being proofs of the author's facility at rhyme. This facility is extraordinary. He is never at a loss *for* words, and never at a loss *with* words. With the skill of the most

accomplished word-anatomist, he makes available their utmost capabilities of division; with an ear faithfully familiar with their varied sounds, he has no difficulty in arranging them for the purposes of verse; and possessed of a large and ready vocabulary, he pours forth the strangest ideas and oddest comparisons in expressions singularly fitting and forcible. Occasionally, his rhymes are not rhymes, but this arises most frequently from his terminations being too much alike, identity taking the place of correspondence. The same may be said of Butler. Our author has more than Butler's versatility and volubility.

But there are higher qualities than these in the 'Fable.' Its excellence is not that of expression only—its pages reveal a genius luxuriant and wild as an American forest, a faculty of keen discrimination, deep sympathy with truth and beauty, a wit that revels in all sorts of curious and fantastic things, and, though last *yet* least, a power of punning equal to poor Hood's. We should not lightly make such a man as is now before us 'an offender for a word,' yet must object to an occasional irreverence of language and of thought. Nor shall we be understood to waive the usual qualification of reviewers' praise, of not being prepared to sanction all the author's sentiments. With these exceptions, our commendation must be high; and we think our readers will admit that it is worthily so, after perusing the extracts with which we intend to present them, for our paper will be filled with quotations rather than criticism.

The 'Fable' is occupied with rapid and vigorous sketches of some of the most noted American authors. These are strung together by a plot

'like an icicle,'s slender and slippery,
Every moment more slender, and likely to slip awry,'

the introduction to which is not a bad illustration of our author's versifying abilities.

We must not omit a lively description of a member of the honourable tribe to which we ourselves belong, begging our readers, however, to except ourselves from the application of the somewhat severe criticism.

'And here I must say, he wrote excellent articles
On the Hebraic points, or the force of Greek particles;
They filled up the space nothing else was prepared for,
And nobody read that which nobody cared for;
If any old book reached a fiftieth edition,
He could fill forty pages with safe erudition;
He could gauge the old books by the old set of rules,
And his very old nothings pleased very old fools;
But give him a new book, fresh out of the heart,
And you put him at sea without compass and chart,—

His blunders aspired to the rank of an art ;
 For his lore was engraft, something foreign that grew in him,
 Exhausting the sap of the native and true in him ;
 So that when a man came with a soul that was new in him,
 Carving new forms of truth out of Nature's old granite,
 New and old at their birth, like Le Verrier's planet,
 Which, to get a true judgment, themselves must create
 In the soul of their critic the measure and weight,
 Being rather themselves a fresh standard of grace,
 To compute their own judge, and assign him a place,
 Our reviewer would crawl all about it and round it,
 And reporting each circumstance just as he found it,
 Without the least malice, his record would be
 Profoundly æsthetic as that of a flea,
 Which, supping on Wordsworth, should print, for our sakes,
 Recollections of nights with the Bard of the Lakes ;
 Or, borne by an Arab guide, ventured to render a
 General view of the ruins at Denderah.

‘ As I said, he was never precisely unkind,
 The defect in his brain was mere absence of mind ;
 If he boasted, ’twas simply that he was self-made
 (A position which I, for one, never gainsaid,
 My respect for my Maker supposing a skill
 In his works which our hero would answer but ill ;)
 And I trust that the mould which he used may be cracked, or he,
 Made bold by success, may make broad his phylactery,
 And set up a kind of man-manufactory ;
 An event which I shudder to think about, seeing
 That man is a moral, accountable being.

‘ He meant well enough, but was still in the way,
 As a dunce always is, let him be where he may :
 Indeed, they appear to come into existence
 To impede other folks with their awkward assistance ;
 If you set up a dunce on the very North Pole,
 All alone with himself, I believe, on my soul,
 He'd manage to get betwixt somebody's shins,
 And pitch him down bodily all in his sins,
 To the grave polar bears sitting round on the ice,

* * * *

Or, if he found nobody else there to pother,
 Why, one of his legs would just trip up the other,
 For there's nothing we read of in torture's inventions,
 Like a well-meaning dunce, with the best of intentions.’

P. 13—15.

The sketches are conceived and composed with great justness and power. Like all such things, they sometimes border on caricature, it being easier to exaggerate prominent features than to give an accurate representation of features not remarkable any way. What would ‘Punch’ do with Lord Brougham and the

Duke of Wellington without their noses? But if caricature occasionally enters into our author's pictures, he proves himself a true artist. His faults, indeed, are rather owing to his limits than to himself. The necessary absence of minor qualities in such brief notices does more to produce the appearance of caricature than the exaggeration of qualities more marked. There are, however, here and there touches of exquisite delicacy, proving the author's ability to see further and more accurately than many; a power of detecting and appreciating the nicer shades of thought and character; indeed, some of the highest faculties of the genuine critic. His 'studies' show him competent to the filling up and finishing of admirable portraits—a Landseer's rude outline bears traces of a master's hand. If he drives his chariot dashing along the wide and open road, he can guide it skilfully in the most thronged thoroughfare. But we promised extracts, and not disquisition. These we select, not for their superiority to others, so much as because the men described are best known to English readers. The first is Emerson, whose chief characteristics are thus admirably, though severely, hit off:—

'But, to come back to Emerson (whom, by the way,
I believe we left waiting)—his is, we may say,
A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange:
He seems, to my thinking (although I'm afraid
The comparison must, long ere this, have been made),
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl co-exist.
All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got,
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;
For though he builds glorious temples, 'tis odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned people like me
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected
As parts of himself, just a little projected;
And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to—nothing but Emerson.
So perfect a balance there is in his head,
That he talks of things sometimes as if they were dead;
Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort,
He looks at as merely ideas; in short,
As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,
Of such vast extent that our earth's a mere dab in it;
Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her—
Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts pure lecturer.
You are filled with delight at his clear demonstration,
Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the occasion;

With the quiet precision of science he'll sort 'em ;
But you can't help suspecting the whole a *post mortem*.

' There are persons, mole-blind to the soul's make and style,
Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle ;
To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer ;
Carlyle's the more burley, but E. is the rairer ;
He sees fewer objects, but clearer, trulier ;
If C.'s as original, E.'s more peculiar ;
That he's more of a man you might say of the one,
Of the other he's more of an Emerson ;
C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,—
E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim ;
The one 's two-thirds Norseman, the other half Greek ;
Where the one's most abounding the other's to seek ;
C.'s generals require to be seen in the mass,—
E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by the glass ;
C. gives nature and God his own fits of the blues,
And rims common-sense things with mystical hues,—
E. sits in the mystery calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp common-sense ;
C. shows you how every-day matters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night,—
While E., in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere every-day ;
C. draws all his characters quite *à la* Fuseli—
He don't sketch their bundles of muscles and thews illy,
But he paints with a brush so untamed and profuse,
They seem bundles of nothing but muscles and thews ;
E. is rather like Flaxman, lines straight and severe,
And a colourless outline, but full, round, and clear ;
To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords
The design of a white marble statue in words ;
C. labours to get at the centre, and then
Take a reckoning from thence of his actions and men ;
E. calmly assumes the said centre as granted,
And, given himself, has whatever is wanted.

' He has imitators in scores, who omit
No part of the man but his wisdom and wit,—
Who go gracefully o'er the sky-blue of his brain,
And when he has skimmed it once, skim it again ;
If at all they resemble him, you may be sure it is
Because their shoals mirror his mists and obscurities,
As a mud-puddle seems deep as heaven for a minute,
While a cloud that floats o'er is reflected within it.'

Pp. 27—30.

The merits and demerits of Willis receive, we think, ample justice in this lively account of him :—

' There is Willis, so *natty*, and jaunty, and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,

With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaying 'em,
 That one hardly knows whether to thank him for saying 'em ;
 Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,—
 Just conceive of a muse with a ring in her nose !
 His prose had a natural grace of its own,
 And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone ;
 But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
 And is forced to forgive where he might have admired ;
 Yet whenever it slips away free and unlaced,
 It runs like a stream with a musical waste,
 And gurgles along with the liquidest sweep ;—
 'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep ?
 In a country where scarcely a village is found
 That has not its author sublime and profound,
 For some one to be slightly shoal is a duty,
 And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty.
 His prose winds along with a blithe, gurgling error,
 And reflects all of heaven it can see in its mirror.
 'Tis a narrow'd strip, but it is not an artifice,—
 'Tis the true out-of-doors with its genuine hearty phiz ;
 It is Nature herself, and there's something in that,
 Since most brains reflect but the crown of a hat.
 No volume I know to read under a tree,
 More truly delicious than his " A l' Abri,"
 With the shadows of leaves flowing over your book,
 Like ripple-shades netting the bed of a brook ;
 With June coming softly your shoulder to look over,
 Breezes waiting to turn every leaf of your book over,
 And Nature to criticise still as you read,—
 The page that bears that is a rare one indeed.

' He's so innate a cockney, that had he been born
 Where plain bear-skin's the only full-dress that is worn,
 He'd have given his own such an air that you'd say
 'T had been made by a tailor to lounge in Broadway.
 His nature's a glass of champagne with the foam on't,
 As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont ;
 So his best things are done in the flush of the moment,
 If he wait, all is spoiled ; he may stir it and shake it,
 But, the fixed air once gone, he can never re-make it.
 He might be a marvel of easy delightfulness,
 If he would not sometimes leave the *r* out of spritfulness ;
 And he ought to let Scripture alone—'tis self-slaughter,
 For nobody likes inspiration-and-water.
 He'd have been just the fellow to sup at the " Mermaid,"
 Cracking jokes with " rare Ben," with an eye to the barmaid ;
 His wit running up as canary ran down,—
 The topmost bright bubble on the wave of the fown.'

Pp. 32—34.

We cannot withhold the following sketch, which contains

many hints that poets of all countries would do well to remember, nor poets only.

‘ There swaggers John Neal, who has wasted in Maine
The sinews and cords of his pugilist brain,
Who might have been poet, but that, in its stead, he
Preferred to believe that he was so already ;
Too hasty to wait till Art’s ripe fruit should drop,
He must pelt down an unripe and cholicky crop ;
Who took to the law, and had this sterling plea for it,
It required him to quarrel, and paid him a fee for it ;
A man who’s made less than he might have, because
He always has thought himself more than he was,—
Who, with very good natural gifts as a bard,
Broke the strings of his lyre by striking too hard,
And cracked half the notes of a truly fine voice,
Because song drew less instant attention than noise.
Ah, men do not know how much strength is in poise,
That he goes the farthest who goes far enough,
And that all beyond that is just bother and stuff.
No vain man matures, he makes too much new wood ;
His blooms are too thick for the fruit to be good ;
’Tis the modest man ripens, ’tis he that achieves ;
Just what’s needed of sunshine and shade he receives ;
Grapes, to mellow, require the cool dark of their leaves.
Neal wants balance ; he throws his mind always too far,
And whisks out flocks of comets, but never a star ;
He has too much muscle, and loves so to show it,
That he strips himself naked to prove he’s a poet,
And, to show he could leap Art’s wide ditch, if he tried,
Jumps clear o’er it, and into the hedge t’other side.
He has strength, but there’s nothing about him in keeping ;
One gets surelier onward by walking than leaping ;
He has used his own sinews himself to distress,
And had done vastly more had he done vastly less ;
In letters, too soon is as bad as too late.
Could he only have waited he might have been great ;
But he plunged into Helicon up to the waist,
And muddled the stream ere he took the first taste.’—Pp. 43—45.

We have quoted enough to show that the fun and frolic of our author does not prevent his uttering truths, and great truths. His light and feathery style guides many an arrow to the vitals of his subjects. We should like to extract several more lengthy passages, but must be satisfied with a few brief sentences, which will serve a higher purpose than specimen bricks. The following ‘ conceit ’ is far from ‘ miserable.’

‘ When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,

So, to fill out her model, a little she spared
 From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared ;
 And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
 For making him fully and perfectly man.
 The success of her scheme gave her so much delight,
 That she tried it again shortly after in Dwight ;
 Only, while she was kneading and shaping the clay,
 She sang to her work in her sweet childish way,
 And found, when she'd put the last touch to his soul,
 That the music had somehow got mixed with the whole.'

Of poetry, it is justly said :—

' Now it is not one thing nor another alone
 Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,
 The something pervading, uniting the whole,
 The before unconceived, unconceivable soul,
 So that just in removing this trifle or that, you
 Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue ;
 Roots, wood, bark, and leaves, singly perfect may be,
 But, clapt hodge-podge together, they don't make a tree.'

The sonnet has been often worse described than in these lines:—

' It should reach with one impulse the end of its course,
 And for one final blow collect all of its force ;
 Not a verse should be salient, but each one should tend,
 With a wave-like up gathering to burst at the end.'

There is wisdom and beauty in this conception :—

' If her heart at high floods swamps her brain now and then,
 'Tis but richer for that when the tide ebbs again,
 As, after old Nile has subsided, his plain
 Overflows with a second broad deluge of grain ;
 What a wealth would it bring to the narrow and sour
 Could they be as a child but for one little hour !'

We leave the ' Fable,' with thanks to the anonymous author for the treat which his truth and freshness, his richness and drollery, his just judgments of men and things and his amusing combinations of words, his serious sentiments and his fantastic fancies, have afforded us. We hope to show our gratitude by a due reverence for the admonitions and reproofs with which he has favoured ' critics.'

ART. VII.—*An Historico-Critical Introduction to the Pentateuch.* By H. A. Ch. Hävernicks, Dr. and Professor of Theology in the University of Königsberg. Translated by Alexander Thomson, A.M., Professor of Biblical Literature, Glasgow Theological Academy. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1850.

THE late Dr. Hävernicks's 'Introduction to the Old Testament' is well known to those who have studied the more recent German theology in its sources, as a work of eminent value and promise. We say promise, because the author had published but two parts of it, a third probably of what he had contemplated as its extent, before he was removed by death. We are ignorant if his preparation for the next part was so advanced as to justify the expectation that any more of the work may be looked for. We fear there is no hope of this. But we must be so much the more grateful for what we have, as being, in every respect, worthy to be ranked with its lamented author's earlier work on 'Daniel,' and his more recent one on 'Ezekiel.' With these impressions of its value, derived from a careful study of it in the original, we were glad to see that it was included in Messrs. Clark's series of translations; and not less so that the translation had been undertaken by Dr. Alexander and Mr. Thomson. The part confided to Dr. Alexander is that which treats of 'Old Testament Introduction' generally; Mr. Thomson's, the special introduction to the Pentateuch is the volume now before us.

The work is, to a very large extent, apologetical, and has for its object to vindicate the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch, in opposition to the host of objections, for their name is legion, which have been raised against it. While the attacks of older writers have not been neglected, particular attention has been directed to those of more recent adversaries, such as De Wette, Von Bohlen, and Vatke.

The method adopted by Dr. Hävernicks is first (§ 5), to show that in the Pentateuch itself Moses is named as its author. This he defends, in the next section, from objections raised by Hartmann and Von Bohlen. He then takes up the question of the unity of the Pentateuch, detailing in § 6 the positive evidence in its favour, and examining, in §§ 7—14, the contrary hypothesis of its construction from earlier documents or fragments. Of this part, §§ 10—14 are occupied with an examination of the five books in their proper order. Then follows, what may be regarded as the staple of the work, a very minute

inquiry into the credibility, or authenticity, of the historical narrative, as deducible from its own internal evidence. This also follows the order of the Pentateuch itself, and occupies §§ 15—30. In § 31 Dr. Hävernicks takes up the bibliographical history of the Pentateuch, the traces of which, as a national, literary, and religious document, he points out in the subsequent Old Testament books, §§ 32—38. The volume closes with a section (§ 39) on the Samaritan Pentateuch; the testimony of the New Testament to the genuineness of the [Hebrew] Pentateuch, § 40; a history of the attacks made upon its genuineness, § 41; and (§ 42) some general concluding remarks.

It will be apparent, from the preceding description, that the principal controversies are not merely included, but extensively examined. The treatment of the internal evidence to the historical credibility of the Pentateuch is indeed more continuous and careful than is elsewhere to be met with, even in the larger, but more desultory, work of Hengstenberg. While claiming for Hävernicks, however, a more satisfactory, as well as more concise and lucid treatment of the multifarious questions they have both discussed, it is but fair to notice that he has derived no small advantage from Hengstenberg's labours, as his predecessor in this field of study.

To some who may take this translation in their hands, the question will probably suggest itself, was all this worth translating? We cannot agree with those who would say No to this. We admit that Dr. Hävernicks book is in some respects more calculated for the meridian of Germany than of Britain. We admit that many of the objections to the genuineness of the Pentateuch, which he has answered, are frivolous and flippant in the highest degree. But this is not the case with all. Many of them are such as all earnest thinkers have been arrested by in the course of their studies of this part of Scripture. And while it was impossible for Hävernicks, when writing for a German public, to overlook objections which, though they would not tell on us, had evidently told to a great extent on the non-practical, speculative mind of Germany, we may well be thankful to possess the work as it is, though much of it should appear to us, as we imagine it will, 'beating the air, or fighting with a man of straw.'

We are, indeed, not seldom astounded at the unnatural arbitrariness, amounting sometimes to dogged perverseness, at other times revealing the veriest obtuseness, which the objections of Hartmann, De Wette, Von Bohlen, and Vatke display. But if in these instances it is wearisome to follow the discussion, no thoughtful man would regret either possessing or perusing such evidences as they afford of the temerity of these *à priori* critics.

We call them, *a priori* critics, for it is manifest that every one of them sets out to examine the Mosaic records with the foregone conclusion that they must be false, and the determination to prove them so. Not one of them, we undertake to say, ever perused the Pentateuch with the desire to take up, even hypothetically, its leading principle, and to view its details in their organic connexion with that principle. Not one of them has fairly attempted to deduce the principle from the details. But ascribing to it first a principle of their own invention, or rather adoption,—and which they have adopted because they have before assumed that there is no such thing as inspiration, revelation, or prophecy in the proper sense, though the sacred writers explicitly claim all these,—ascribing to it, we say, first on such grounds the false principle, that it was written long after its professed date, to give the venerable sanction of antiquity and divine authority to the more modern impositions of Jewish kings and priests, they then apply themselves, with a diligence and ardour worthy of a better cause, to pick out of the *disjecta membra* of these records (for such they are, cut off from their true principle) the proofs of their uncritical assumption. From the slapdash way in which they proceed in this, and the impracticable ground they traverse, they might be called the steeple-chasers of theological controversy, but that steeple-chasers do not commence their fool-hardy runs by tying a handkerchief over their eyes. In other respects, however, they resemble steeple-chasers but too well. There is, for instance, no historical fact or physical truth, at which Von Bohlen, in his daring ignorance, will not ride; and though De Wette, more experienced, and also by nature more wary, was too knowing to break his head in the same way against stubborn, ascertained facts, yet was there no fence which he would not on emergency *take* with the help of a conjecture. In other respects, too, the parallel is very close: the whole tribe of them ride for an object which is not worth the risk (to their scholarship) which they incur, and tread down, without compunction, everything, however valuable, which lies in their way.

It is commendation enough to say that Dr. Hävernick has fairly grappled with all the more considerable objections which these and other older writers had advanced, and that his replies are usually relevant and successful. That he has also noticed objections which most of us would consider too trivial or too farfetched and improbable to deserve attention, is also, we think, true. But this licence must always be conceded to a German. In another respect, too, his work is truly German. Though far more direct and relevant in the course and substance of his argument than German writers, and Hengstenberg in particular,

usually are, his style has all the roundaboutness so characteristic of his countrymen.

From this fault of the author flows the only fault, if it be one, of the translator, who has but too faithfully reproduced the style of his original. Great as is the merit of this, when the style of an author is individually characteristic, and especially when it is distinguished for excellence of any kind, we could have spared a few epithets, redundances, and German turns of expression, in this work without any sense of loss. The translation has, however, the not too common merit of being studiously faithful, and shows, even without the aid of the useful notes which Mr. Thomson has occasionally added (*e.g.* pp. 230, 237, 380), that he has thoroughly understood his author. The reader has, therefore, in this volume, notwithstanding its too frequent diffuseness, especially in diction, and the frivolousness of many of the statements it exposes, unquestionably the most scientific book, not excepting Hengstenberg's, which our language contains. In the compass of its argument it is more comprehensive than any work of British origin upon the subject, although upon particular branches of argument many native writers might be named who are more thorough and more instructive.

Having attempted briefly to characterise the respective critical habits of Hävernicks, and of those from whose attacks he vindicates the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch, it is our wish to give our readers, as far as one extract may suffice, an opportunity of judging for themselves of the fairness of our representation. A single extract is of course not much to judge from, but we have taken no pains to select one more favourable than others to our view. We here give the first passage which, on reopening the volume, has presented to our notice the three names of which we have most spoken, in connexion with a topic sufficiently brief to be extracted as a whole. It is a vindication of the authenticity of the narrative in Gen. xv. With this, therefore, and our own hearty commendation of the work, the translation, and, we are happy in this instance to add, its typographical appearance and correctness, we leave the volume to our reader's judgment.

'Passing on to ch. xv. [of Genesis] we there first meet with a remark that is quite cursory and unintentional in ver. 3, but which discloses a very ancient custom that afterwards had nothing corresponding to it. According to that, in case of childlessness, a slave was heir; but this slave [Eliezer of Damascus] here appears under the very peculiar appellation, referring to special nomadic relation, *בן משקב*.

'Not less peculiar is the covenant sacrifice that is here described, which is especially remarkable in its relation to the theocratic covenant sacrifice, which differs very much from it in its rites: see Exod. xxiv.

This very circumstance stands directly opposed to every supposition of fiction in the present passage, which, were it fiction, would certainly prove a mere *copy* here. Add to this, that the present rite is evidenced as being the more ancient and original, representing completely the symbolical action; but on the contrary, Exod. xxiv., where the blood is only sprinkled on both sides without the covenanting parties passing actually between the slaughtered victims, appears as a modified usage, abbreviating that ancient and complete form, as is wont generally to be the case with rites of that kind. Besides, it ought not to be overlooked, that the rite mentioned in Genesis wears more of a universal character connected with heathen usages, while, on the contrary, that which is described in Exodus has a more particular and theocratic character. (See Winer, p. 236.) Indeed, according to a statement which is certainly of late date, being that of Ephræm Syrus, the same custom was found among the Chaldeans, which leads that Father to explain this passage as being connected with the ancestral custom of Abraham. See C. de Lengecke de Eph. Syri arte herm., p. 13.

‘ This section shows how, in connexion with divine promises of the most remarkable nature, exceeding all human expectation, the faith of Abraham, however frequently and greatly it might be in danger of wavering, was confirmed and strengthened on the part of Jehovah in a truly pædagogic method [!]; so that he persevered in the same faith as a true servant of his God. Hence a sign is now given him in a solemn manner, by which he may learn that Jehovah enters into quite a peculiar relation to him as he does with no other inhabitant of the earth. Associated with this sign, however, there is a constant reference to the one great promise which reaches far into the future, which here appears, where a new animation of his much-assailed faith is concerned [!], not as the repetition of what was previously announced, but as a still more exact definition of it, so that the friend of God may know that the counsel of God is as precisely defined and unchangeably certain as it is wonderful and glorious. Hence the promise has here a twofold reference—to time and place; but always in peculiarly prophetic style describing the outlines of the object: a foreign land in general—400 years as the time of servitude, from which the fourth generation shall escape—limits from the river of Egypt to the Euphrates—are announced by the prediction; all so genuinely prophetic, and at the same time so accordant with Abraham's point of view, that we are here obliged to recognise certain historical truth.

‘ It is the more strange that this historical character has been refused to this section, and that it has been determined to explain it as poetry. According to De Wette, Beitr. pp. 77 foll., a comparison of chap. xvii. should make this especially clear, since the poet proves himself to be an imitator of this latter piece, who here embellishes at greater length the subject that is there repeated in a simpler manner. Certainly, in both places, it is a covenant relation that is spoken of as the basis of the narrative; but the narratives themselves are quite distinct from one another. In chap. xvii., it is not the founding of such a relation that is spoken of at all; but such a connexion is there rather presupposed as established, and it is only a new token of it that is given, so that

what there was in it to imitate cannot be discovered. De Wette should rather have satisfied himself with affirming, that the simple idea of God's making a covenant with Abraham is in this way embellished by the poet; but he says not a syllable to touch or to prove the point, that the detailed form of that idea here is an inadmissible, or, in the way in which it is represented, an impossible one.

'Von Bohlen, indeed, is of opinion (p. 178) that the defenders of the Mosaic origin are here involved in a dilemma by the prophecy in xv. 13, foll., since it must then be looked upon as a *vaticinium post eventum*—a conclusion which is not obvious, since, just on the contrary, if that prediction was really a previous one, it is indisputable that, at the time of its fulfilment, it must have possessed a special importance for the Mosaic period, but afterwards by no means so. Hence it is strange that much later writers should have hit on the thought of inventing such a prophecy, which for him and his era had not at all that interest and importance.

'The mention of the Kenites in verse 19, is also regarded as speaking against the Mosaic composition, who, according to Judges i. 16, iv. 11, sprang first from the brother-in-law of Moses: Von Bohlen, p. 182; Stähelin, p. 110. But the contrary is plain from Numbers xxiv. 21, where mention is made of this people. In the passages of the Book of Judges, besides, Moses's father-in-law is called "the Kenite;" how can he, then, have first given this people their name?'—Pp. 152—154.

ART. VIII.—*Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, Student.* By Thomas T. Lynch. Longman & Co.

WE do not recollect having met with the name of this author before; and if the present be, as it seems, a first performance, rarely has a work of higher promise fallen in our way. Professedly it is made up of certain prose and poetic memorials of one Theophilus Trinal, student; but whether he be living or dead, is left to the conjecture of the reader. From the evasion of this point, and the extreme penury of praise to which the editor seems restricted whenever he happens to add a remark on any of the extracts he gives, we cannot help concluding that the student and editor is one and the same person. We know not how, in any other way, to account for the little enthusiasm he expresses about these remains of his friend. As there is no preface to inform us of the circumstances which led him to publish them, we can only suppose he has done so in the conviction that they are eminently worthy of being laid before the public eye—a judgment in which we fully concur; but if there were

no such identity as we presume between editor and author, it is impossible to think he would pass over so many splendid passages without some loving utterance of the admiration he felt for the genius they unquestionably display. The title-page we therefore regard as an innocent artifice to turn aside attention from the real writer. In the diffidence of maiden authorship, he has been induced to make his first venture from the press as if simply the editor of the writings of another. The form of the book seems borrowed from Jean Paul Richter's 'Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs.' In no other respect does it resemble that singular biography. It is full of the moral and religious musings of a spirit touched to fine issues; and happy would it be if the views of life and duty it enforces were adopted and acted upon by all. A carping critic might easily find a phrase, or an image, a paragraph, or even a page, on which to attempt his work of ridicule and detraction; but no competent reader can lay down the work without feeling that a deep debt of gratitude is due to the writer, for the service he has done his intellect, and for the beautiful lessons he has addressed to his heart. It is of the prose portion we more particularly speak. The poems are much less to our taste: there are, indeed, grand single lines, and some noble stanzas in most of them; and those we liked least on a first perusal became favourites on a second for the thoughts they enshrined. A citation or two, taken almost at random, will show the author's manner of thinking and writing, and we have no doubt they will impress other minds as they did our own.

Who does not stand in need of the admonition contained in our first extract, and where has it ever been better expressed?

'In practicalness, we require honesty to do something; wisdom to do the thing possible, and next us; courage to do poorly, and as at our worst, when we must do this or nothing. We can only, then, satisfactorily affirm to ourselves the dominance of a spiritual affection, when conscious of an answering practical tendency. There must be a confidential friendliness between our moral meditation and our common conduct, else we despise self, and others will despise us; we become moralizing liars to ourselves, and our resolution neither to self nor others vouches for a deed. Often we will not plant our acorn, because it springs not up at once before our eyes an oak. We feel that in a manner we have the grown oak within us; can see it, but cannot show it. Our vision deceives us not, if as a vision we regard it; it is a true dream of prophecy. A stout oak for timber and for shelter there may rise; but, as yet, it is not except in vision. We must plant our germ in the soil Fact, and be patient, for the first shoots will be feeble, and the growth slow. The thinking man has wings; the acting man has only feet and hands. It is what the hand findeth to do that must be done with might; and what the hand findeth, must be at hand—reachable. The eye pierces into infinite space; so is it with

man's thought and hope. The hand reaches forward but a yard; so is it with man's work: it is where he is that man must labour. In our deed, we must not so much be afraid of bungling and inadequacy, as beware of insincerity. He who persists in genuineness will increase in adequacy. Pride frustrates its own desire; it will not mount the steps of the throne, because it has not yet the crown on. But till first throned we may not be crowned. Pride would be acknowledged victor before it has won the battle. It will not act, unless it be allowed that it can succeed; and it will do nothing, rather than not do brilliantly. It is well sometimes to fall below self—sometimes to fail. Not only thus are we goaded and stirred, and our resolve braced; but the effort being one that conscience demanded, saying, Do what you can, we get assurance that we love excellence, and not alone have complacency in our own manifestations of ability. A divine blessing is on industry according to forethought—on a step-by-step advance according to tentative, approximative method. It is thus we gain success, inward and in the world; it is thus that we come to the heights and hidden places where truth has inscribed words, erected memorials of things done, or prepared stations for outlook upon extensive prospects; it is thus that we obtain place and influence amongst men, clear some little space in the wilderness of the world, and leave behind us timber-trees and fruit-trees in its forests and orchards.'—Pp. 55—57.

This, in another way, is equally beautiful, and as evidently the offspring of a fine and pure imagination:—

'Oh, lift your eyes unto the evermore silent heaven, that great deep, upon the breadth of whose glory may be written, "not in word but in mighty power!" When the curtain of the day is removed, then is unveiled this hieroglyph of eternity. There is not an evil eye among all these firmamental thousands. Sublime is the great world's azure dwelling-tent, and who is he that may tie a thread round that blue heaven, and contract it into a covering for him, and for his only? It is for all the peoples of the earth. But sublimer than the day is the night, for it is the encampment of the great travelling company of worlds. The blue of day shall image for us the amplitude of the divine charity; the night with its depth of depths shall image the vastness of the divine wisdom. Every star mocks us if we be not immortal—but immortal we are; stars do but shame us, as with the kind look of the wise, if we regard not our immortality. But we have greater witness of immortality than that of stars—we have "that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." He spake not of stars, though heralded by one, and himself called the Morning Star. The deeps of the heart and not of the heavens he unveiled; was of the earth, though not earthy; brought to us for our home human life, the divine gift and command; came to emmanuelize all our life; and was and remains a golden sunlight for the present, and not alone a starry glimpse of the wonderful future. Yet it is he who speaks of the Father's house of many mansions. In him is the double promise of the life that is, and that will be. And how has the

"word of the truth of the Gospel" taken as living seed such deep root, and become a tree of such a mighty shadowing shroud; but because it brings forth leaves and fruit both for health and for immortality? Slowly through vicissitude the improving course of the world advances. Each generation may take up the word, "We see not yet all things put under him;" but each also the word, "He abideth for ever." What voice but that of Christianity proclaims immortality with a great and calm assurance? Many voices affirm it, or hint it, but Christianity illustriously exhibits it. In the name of the risen Christ, it proclaims the rising of men, showing the golden key in its hand with which it has itself opened the gates of the grave. We have not then "infinite faculty," and a finite life; are not to look forth with keen eye into the illimitable firmament, and long to traverse it self-poised with strong wing, and our desire be vain. The God of stars is the God of souls.'—Pp. 138—140.

There are many sentences of blended quaintness and strength that remind us of Luther's 'Table Talk;' and who would not wish for more of a diary containing such a passage as the following? To our feeling, there is nothing to alter in it, or that we could wish altered. A man of genius would be content to go the whole day under its impression, taking the thoughts originated and coloured by its grandeur for his soul's exercise. It would give him a sublime preparation for reading at night some of the divine teachings of that Saviour it so tenderly and awfully represents:—

'To-night I sat an hour at the western window—my prospect over cornfields and woods to a broken range of hills beyond. I watched the grand and comforting sunset, and enjoyed, as I could not but phrase it to myself, "the music of the stillness." Then I fell into thoughts of death as the great consecrator. When our friend is gone, his last days spread a mellow brightness over his life—it becomes a country covered with the evening sunshine. The death on the cross was an awful sunset—the great light of the world went down amidst dark clouds, which it touched with fiery grandeur. And now the whole earthly life of the Redeemer is a rich land of fields and hills, overspread with a light, full, still, and soft. In such a light waves for the generations the gospel bread-corn, ever newly sown for new harvests; and on the great mountains of thought there abides a deep and solemn flush.'—Pp. 222, 223.

One more specimen, and we must have done:—

'An individual of illustrious virtue manifests some general quality of life in a specific form of beauty. He breathes into us his life, that we may exhibit new, though related forms of fair behaviour. Thus the fathers speaking to us no more, yet breathe on us: away from us, they are yet among us as beneficent and aidful spirits. In the highest manner is the Christ thus with us. It is not so much we, that with

careful skill and patient industry model ourselves after him, as he that, as we gaze, more and yet more transforms us. Christian carefulness and industry we exercise, but these may best be represented as a gaze into the beaming intelligent face of human religion, which is Christ; and as a communion with its warm, pure heart, which is Christ also. There have been in our world many kinds of great men. Philosophers and heroes, wise men who have kindled lamps in darkness, men of power who have quelled the tumult of the people; some who have braved with forehead of flint public attack; others who have with patience suffered—greatly but in retirement. Many as have been these forms of excellence, they have yet all been partial or blemished; but the excellence of Christ was not such—it was not for classes but for man—not for an era but for all time. It was goodness in its grandest, purest, most elementary forms, not alone perfect of its kind, but perfect as the great life and supporting basis of all kinds.

‘The men of the past live for us in their examples, but live for us, so far as we know, unconsciously. We love them, and may feel that they could have loved us. But the Christ, living, knows how we need and are affected by the record of his life on earth. Not only did he bear griefs in such way that we, considering his history, are helped to bear ours; but we may feel that the heart and mind which thus did and endured, have knowledge of us, and sympathizing communion with us. We must identify God and Christ—if we say, “Thou God seest us”—it is as if we said, “Thou Christ seest us.” God becomes Christ when he looks upon us in our human weakness and endeavour. We are not left to imagine how our Saviour would have felt, but to represent to ourselves how he does feel. Christ’s truths are the eyes of God looking on us; his love, the heart that fills those eyes with kind and brightest light. God becomes a man for men, lives ever as a man for them; he is Christ to them. Our fathers may have suffered for conscience’ sake, have endured with a meek but unfearing firmness, have suffered in body, yet rejoiced in spirit—they are gone. We are strengthened both to bear and to act by intercourse with their memories; we are wrought on and encouraged, as if they were witnesses of our action and deportment—yet they are gone. We cannot tell what they know of us and our struggles—we have no hope of help from them. But our Saviour lives: He is with God, and is God. God who knows all, through him sees all, and according to him orders all. He sends forth the Spirit of his Son to encourage and guide. By that Spirit were the men strengthened whose finished course encourages us, and we may receive effectual strength, so that we too shall encourage others. We who live now, live that we may work for God and for his Christ. All times are wonderful—we may, however, so speak of times as if we imagined we were but spectators. But if there be evil, let us remember that we are not looking at a tragedy, that we may bewail over it—but living in a time of difficulty, that we may work. The character of the age and our own character have relation. All necessary influence of the age upon us is known and considered; but our influence upon the age, though it may be inappreciable, is real, and, so far as our efforts will avail to change its character, we are re-

sponsible for its being what it is. Neither this, nor any other responsibility, can we exactly measure. It is never said to us—So much thou owest—this is the exact sum; but it is said—In this way it behoves thee to work, do what thou canst, and that heartily. Often, hidden thoughts, when they come into the free atmosphere of action, swell into great giants, terrible to the wicked, but mightily helpful to the good. But though there may be in us no such thoughts, yet is not our work worthless. The greater part of the goodness at any time in the world, is the goodness of common character. The chief part of the good work done, must be done by the multitude. In all times there have been leaders; but these great men gathered round them companies, growing gradually to great armies. We look back to former times and the struggles that then were, and wish we had been helpers in the fight; but there is honourable warfare now, and if we see not what must be done now, or have not the courage to do it if we can see, neither should we have had vision or courage then.’—Pp. 168—172.

Such as like what we have now given will find the volume abound in passages every way equal to these selections. Those who do not see power of thought and exquisite beauty of imagery and phraseology in them need inquire no farther about the book. To every such reader the author, we imagine, would respectfully say, ‘Apage! non tibi spiro!’

At the close of the volume, Trinal is represented as ‘hoping one day to speak on Christian theology.’ If he still lives and does speak on these themes, we can only say, we should like to be amongst his auditors. If deceased, and Mr. Lynch be in possession of his theological writings, he could not do better than give a volume of his discourses to the world. For the present admirable little work he has our warmest thanks.

ART. IX.—1. *Ungarns Gegenwart* (The Present State of Hungary). By E. Zsedényi, late Councillor of State. Vienna. 1850.

2. *Das legitime Recht Ungarns und seines Koenigs* (The legitimate Right of Hungary and her Kings). By Paul von Somsich. Vienna. 1850.

WHEN the fortune of war has once decided a question, on which ever side justice and public sympathy may have inclined, the decision is commonly regarded as a *fait accompli*; a fresh injustice is added to those which have preceded, a new source of

discontent feeds the combustible materials accumulated in that volcano which is called by common consent the *status quo* of Europe. At most a sentiment of general commiseration is extended to those who had before commanded respect and admiration.

The English Press has not been actuated by this spirit with reference to the late events in Austria and Hungary, or at least but partially; the interest which attached to the cause was transferred to the persons engaged in it, and both in parliament and in the press a generous spirit of sympathy for the conquered has been widely manifested. But whilst so much importance has been attached to the fate of individuals, little attention has been given to that of the vanquished country. This may, perhaps, explain the small share of interest which the discussion of the subject has excited; for the question of chief interest to England is not the treatment of individuals, but the political organization which is proposed to be effected in Austria—the new position which that State will occupy, if established on the basis which her Government has adopted and already begun to carry into execution.

However great and general a regret may be felt at the atrocities committed by a Power called to exercise an important influence on the destinies of Europe, questions which concern individuals are of a local and restricted character: but such is not the case with those which involve a change in the position of Austria, and which may entail consequences fatal to the peace and the balance of power of Europe,—questions such as the incorporation of Hungary, and the system of centralization in which that act originates. This ceases to be a matter of local interest; for upon the future organization of Austria, and the principles on which this is established, must depend the place she will occupy, and the foreign policy she must adopt; in a word, the nature and measure of the influence she will exert on the affairs of Europe. These considerations raise the question from the ground of local interest, and render it one in which all the Powers concerned in the maintenance of the peace and welfare of Europe have a right and a corresponding duty to take an active interest.

The importance of the projected changes in Austria, and consequently the interest of watching the new organization of that monarchy, cannot be doubted; but here arises the question, has any Power a right to exercise this control, especially after having permitted the Russian intervention in Hungary, which decided the war in favour of Austria? Without entering into the question whether the great European Powers were right or wrong in allowing the intervention of Russia, it is undeniable that they had the right of protesting, and the possibility of preventing such intervention, which, even the warmest partisans of

Austria admit, was calculated to unsettle the balance of power in Europe, and determine it in favour of Russia. If, notwithstanding these considerations, no protest was made against this infraction of the generally admitted principle of non-intervention, we venture to assert—and such also was the sense of Lord Palmerston's declaration in the House of Commons—that this tacit acquiescence was not caused by any approval of the policy of Austria, nor by any hostility to the cause of Hungary, but simply by a desire to facilitate the establishment of Austria as a state, which by its free institutions, by its re-organization on a basis to ensure strength and permanence, might have the power no less than the will to become a guarantee of the peace of Europe. We repeat, without discussing the prudence of this policy, that it presents evidently the only motive which can satisfactorily explain the conduct of England with regard to the intervention of Russia. England has a right, and she owes it as a duty to herself, to demand that the Austrian Government should fulfil the conditions which constitute the guarantees of the balance of power in Europe. The tacit acquiescence therefore given to the intervention of Russia, must be considered as accorded under certain conditions.

To prove that other nations have lost the right of interfering with the changes which the Austrian Government purposes to make, Austria must first establish the fact that she has acquired by war the right to effect such changes as she proposes. The Austrian Government declared by all its official acts,—the Emperor affirmed in all his proclamations issued during the war in Hungary,—that it was merely a weak revolutionary party, not the Hungarian nation, whom it was their object to suppress and punish. It would exceed our present purpose to give all these proclamations, which, although so contradictory, that they one day denounced as rebels those whom the day before they had called loyal subjects, and *vice versâ*, yet all agree in attributing the revolution to a small faction of anarchists and foreigners, and disclaiming any intention of attacking the nationality or liberties of Hungary; we shall merely cite the latest proclamation of the Emperor, notifying the acceptance and the object of the Russian intervention. The following is a transcript of this proclamation:—

'A rebellious faction, *headed by desperate revolutionists*—after heaping crime upon crime, and exhausting every art of delusion to seduce you into a treasonable violation of your allegiance, and to dis sever the bond which for a long series of years has united our peoples in peace and harmony—is now waging open war against your King, with a view to despoil him of his hereditary rights, and to usurp the sovereign power over you and the property of others. Under the *delusive pretence* that

your nationality and your liberty are endangered, this faction is sacrificing the lives of your sons and brethren, the property of peaceable citizens, the welfare of your flourishing country, and calls upon you to take up arms against us—against your King, who has granted to all his nationalities—those even which did not possess one—a free constitution,—who has guaranteed the integrity of all the nationalities of our great empire, and secured to each of them a claim to equal rights. Nor does this faction restrict itself to its own wicked machinations alone: heedless of our earnest admonitions, it now seeks its main support amidst the outcasts of foreign countries. Thousands of peace-breakers and adventurers, men without either property or civilization, and banded together only by a community of criminal purposes, are in its pay; these men have already become the leaders of the rebellion—their infamous projects are to be carried out at your cost and with your blood; you yourselves are used as the blind tools of foreign intrigue, for the overthrow of all true liberty, of all legal order, in other countries likewise. To put a stop to such criminal doings, to free you from your oppressors, and *to secure peace* to our monarchy, so ardently longed for by the vast majority of the people, is therefore not only our duty and our firm resolve, but becomes the duty likewise of every Government which has to watch over the peace and welfare of nations entrusted to its care by Providence, against these common enemies of peace and order. Animated by these sentiments, our august ally, His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, has united with us, to oppose the common enemy. At our desire, and with our full assent, his armies appear in Hungary, to terminate, in combination with all the forces at our command, the war which is now devastating your fields. Do not regard them as enemies of your country; they are the friends of your King, who support him with all their power in his firm purpose, *to liberate Hungary* from the yoke of native and foreign villains. Under the same discipline as our troops, they will afford to every faithful subject merited protection, and employ the same severity in putting down the rebellion; until the blessing of God gives the victory to the just cause. Given in our Imperial Palace of Schönbrunn, the 12th of May, 1849.

(Signed)

‘FRANCIS JOSEPH.’

(Countersigned) ‘SCHWARZENBERG.’

It is unnecessary to comment on this document, and we shall leave to the reader the task of reconciling the statements here put forth with the terms of the March Constitution, and with what has been enacted since. In this declaration, *dated a month after the publication of the March Constitution*, the idea of any imminent danger to the liberties and nationality of Hungary is treated as a false calumny; that is to say, the article of the Constitution of March, declaring that Hungary had forfeited her historical rights by the act of revolution, is completely contradicted by the same person who granted this very Constitution; and yet at the present time the act, stigmatized as false and calumnious, is again declared the principle, the basis of

new Austria, the fundamental and inviolable law of the Empire. Which, we may ask, amongst all these purposes is the most true, or which rather is the least false?

According to this same proclamation, the motive of the Russian intervention was merely to expel a body of foreign revolutionary propagandists from the country; and the Hungarians are called upon to co-operate with the armies of the King, whose entrance is stated to have no other object than to restore tranquillity to Hungary. Such was the pretext alleged. *Before* the victory, the Austrians seemed to fear lest, on avowing the true object of the war, the assistance even of the Russians might not suffice to suppress the desperate resistance of a people attacked in their dearest possessions:—*after* the victory, the article of the March Constitution is again put in force, and the historical rights of Hungary are again declared forfeited. We shall leave our readers to judge of the good faith of such a system of policy, and content ourselves with demanding by what right, in the face of such assurances, the Austrian Government could regard the independence and the anterior position of Hungary as abolished, and how the other Powers could be considered to have given their consent to measures differing so widely from the object notified to them.

If the Emperor of Austria made war on Hungary, as he has so often and solemnly declared, only to put down a revolutionary party—if it is true that his sole object was to restore peace and tranquillity to that country,—he may have the right (and surely he has sufficiently exercised it) to punish the revolutionists, but not to abrogate the historical independence and constitutional rights of the Nation. If his purpose was to repeal the laws of March, 1848—which he now pretends to have sanctioned only under the compulsory danger of the moment—he has at all events not the right to retract what he has not granted, the laws which the Hungarian Nation has enjoyed for nine centuries, its legislative and administrative independence, and its territorial integrity, which all his predecessors have sworn to maintain, as the fundamental condition of their reign in Hungary.

If, on the contrary, the war against Hungary was one of conquest, what right could be claimed to punish those who merely acted in self-defence? In this case the judicial executions merit no other name than assassination; and the act of taking up arms by the Hungarians was no revolution, but a natural and legal resistance to aggression and conquest. In this case it is incontestable that the article of the *octroyée* Constitution upon which Austria asserts her right to abolish the independence of Hungary, declaring that the king-

dom of Hungary forfeited its rights by the act of revolution, is deprived of all foundation or validity.

Conquest stands opposed to right. If the Emperor of Austria desires to be considered in the light of a conqueror, he has not right on his side. If, on the contrary, he aimed merely at recovering his right, he cannot plead the claims of conquest. Such is a simple statement of the question as relates to Austria. Two consequences, equally incontestable, result from this state of things: first, that Austria has no right to make any other use of her victory than that which she announced at the commencement of the war, and in notifying her acceptance of the Russian intervention; and, secondly, that the other Powers have not, by their tacit acquiescence in the intervention of Russia, lost their right of protesting against any policy which departs from, or exceeds, the purpose avowed by the Emperor of Austria and his ally the Czar, if the use intended to be made of victory threatens to compromise their common interests.

These, however, are not the sole considerations which prove that Austria has no right to carry out her proposed measures. We are certainly not among those who believe that the existing treaties offer any sufficient guarantee of international rights and the peace of Europe; yet it cannot be denied that, notwithstanding the reiterated violations to which they have been subjected, they still form the only shadow of a barrier between popular rights and the arbitrary power of absolutism, and that they are still considered the basis of the present political state of Europe. We would ask those politicians who aim at governing the world by virtue of these treaties, what would become of them if the principle upon which Austria seeks to found her re-organization be generally accepted, namely, that a nation may lose its independence and its territory by an act of revolution.

Let us take a case in point, and suppose that Servia, forming at the present time a portion of the Ottoman Empire, with an administrative and territorial independence, be driven to revolt, and subdued by the forces of the Sultan, —would Servia lose her former independence? Would the Sultan be allowed to regard the independence of this province as forfeited, and to incorporate it in the rest of his empire? Without entertaining too great a confidence in the energy of modern diplomacy for the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, we are convinced that it would not permit such an interpretation of the rights of victory. Turkey would be free to punish the rebels, and to adopt such temporary measures as might be necessary to secure her tranquillity, but not to annul the administrative and territorial independence of Servia.

And yet Turkey, having in this case suppressed the revolt with her own forces, unaided by any foreign intervention, would have greater right to treat this act as a question of strictly internal moment than Austria, who, even if the war against the independence of Hungary had at first been a purely internal question, not affecting the other Powers—which it would be difficult to prove—has made it a European question by admitting the intervention of Russia.

Is, then, the incorporation of Hungary, with its probable consequences to Austria and to Europe at large, to be regarded as a matter of less moment? It were indeed difficult to believe that greater importance could be attached to the incorporation of a principality of two million inhabitants—an act which would not effect the slightest change in the position and foreign relations of Turkey—than is attributed to the independence of a kingdom of fourteen million inhabitants, the incorporation of which, as we shall presently endeavour to prove, will totally change the position of this Power, not only internally, but in its relation to foreign countries.

We have shown what right Austria could claim to abolish the independence of Hungary, and it now remains to be seen what will be the consequences of such an act—a subject which it is of the highest importance rightly to understand; for if the most flagrant violation of international rights does not suffice to arouse the energy of diplomatists, the imminent danger to common interests rarely fails to produce this effect. We may imagine the Governments of Europe abandoning the cause of right *to serve* their own interests, but it is inconceivable that they should abandon it *against* their interests.

The most important point, then, is to ascertain how the balance of power in Europe is likely to be affected by the present state and position of Austria, by the consequences of the incorporation of Hungary, and the centralization connected with that act.

To anticipate the ulterior consequences of the policy of Austria, we must first see whether the course she has followed since the termination of the war in Hungary is such as to favour the hope that she purposes to regain her independence, and fill the place which her position in Europe, her solemn promises, and the just expectation of the other Powers, no less than her own interests rightly understood, equally require. Two facts may serve as a reply to this question, and ought to convince the most lenient judge, that Austria, if left to her ignoble thirst of revenge, to those councillors who have placed her at the mercy of Russia, to the state of exhaustion caused by her own fault, will not, cannot ever escape from her present position, which,

far from erecting her into a barrier against Russia, has made her the most docile, the most dangerous instrument of that Power.

The first condition of Austrian independence is undoubtedly to maintain the independence of the Ottoman Empire against the attacks of Russia; and the first act of the newly reconstructed Austria is to support, nay, more, to provoke a demand on the part of Russia, which, if it does not meet with an energetic resistance from England and France, would alone suffice to realize the object, so long meditated and so obstinately pursued by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg—Russian domination in the East.

The first condition necessary to render Austria internally strong, after having conceded to Russia the dangerous right of interfering in her domestic affairs, should have been to conciliate her peoples, and efface from their minds the injustice of the war by the clemency of the victors. Instead of this, the Austrian Government, leaving to Russia all the generous side of the war, reserved to herself the frightful and disgraceful part of hangman; after having exhibited her own weakness, she has made a parade of her cruelty. Civilized Europe has had to witness the painful and revolting spectacle of the Czar Nicholas demanding mercy for a people conquered by himself, and demanding it in vain! Does not such conduct amount to a deliberate co-operation on the part of Austria in the plans of Russia? Is it not evident that, by this single act, Austria has weakened her own power more, and given more influence to the Czar over her own peoples, than even his armed intervention succeeded in acquiring?

The course which the Austrian Government has commenced by these acts of political madness, it threatens to follow up by the ulterior use it purposes to make of victory. Cruelty and vengeance, when they strike only individuals, may be forgotten; but when vengeance is erected into a system of government, when, no longer limited to the destruction of individuals, it aims at annihilating an entire nation, oblivion and conciliation become impossible; it is one of those deadly combats, in which the victor does not long survive the vanquished. Such is, however, the sense and tendency of the article of the *octroyée* Constitution, forming the basis of the present government of Austria, which establishes the principle, that Hungary, by the act of revolution, has forfeited all her rights and ceased to exist as an independent state. Although few persons, indeed, are found to defend such a policy of vengeance, there are, nevertheless, some who would excuse it as being necessary to the interests of Austria. Let us examine this point.

The Austrian Government, in seeking to incorporate the kingdom of Hungary in the empire, has raised an additional and the greatest difficulty to those which the regeneration of the monarchy had to surmount. The kingdom of Hungary was not a clog fastened upon the Austrian monarchy by historical rights, as the Austrian Government sought to represent, and as some of its ignorant admirers actually believe; on the contrary, it was one of the secret sources of the strength of Austria. History is full of examples corroborative of this truth: it was the kingdom of Hungary which saved the empire of Austria under Maria Theresa, whose only title was Queen of Hungary, in contrast to her great grandson, who now repudiates that title. It was this kingdom which has always made the greatest sacrifices, in all the wars that threatened the existence of Austria. But beside the patriotic efforts which independent Hungary has made, in the hour of danger, for the salvation of the empire, with which she was connected under the same sovereign, the existence of the kingdom of Hungary had another effect no less salutary for the empire as well as for Europe at large; her truly constitutional character exercised more influence and control on the policy of the Austrian Government, although the responsibility of the ministry was not sufficiently defined, than can ever be derived from the theoretical guarantees of this *octroyée* Constitution; and it was this influence which, by imparting to Austria a semi-liberal character, kept her separated from Russia, and erected her into a barrier against that Power, especially in the question of the East.

This is too evident to be denied; but it may be said, if the national existence of Hungary was a source of strength to Austria previous to 1848, it has since become one of danger, and it is necessary therefore to destroy it. Quite the reverse! If in the former period the independence of Hungary afforded a useful support, it ought now to be regarded as a necessity—a fact which every one except the present councillors of the Emperor of Austria would have recognised.

The separate existence of the various nationalities, the great source of danger to the Austrian monarchy, did not then exist; it is since the period alluded to that the movement of the Slavish nations, seduced by the delusive promises of the Austrian Government, has degenerated in purpose into Pan-Slavism, and carries on an active propaganda in favour of Russia; it is since that period, and, above all, by the fault of the Austrian Government, that Russia has acquired a degree of influence which enables her not only to realize her projects upon the East, without fear at least of being opposed by Austria, but further (whatever those may say who delight in accusing of Russophobia all who

unveil the undermining progress of that Power) which enables her silently to dissolve the Austrian monarchy whenever she desires. What, for example, is easier than to promise to the serfs of the Banat, in place of the system of centralization which they so much detest, a union with the serfs of the Principality, and to the Wallachs of Transylvania a union with those of Wallachia? the double purpose would thus be effected of the dismemberment of reconstructed Austria and of undermined Turkey.

But let us suppose that, without the aid of such manœuvres, Russia occupies the Danube Provinces, or that she finds an opportunity to march upon Constantinople,—where would Austria look for support? Hungary alone has the national interest to prevent the domination of Russia in the East—but will she fight for her oppressors? will Hungary fight, when robbed of her national existence? why should she, when she will have absolutely nothing to lose? There is no defence possible without patriotism; but can the Austrian Government *octroyer* a new patriotism, as it has *octroyé* a new country to the Hungarians?

It is therefore clear that, at the present time, there is more than ever need of a Hungary *interested by the very preservation of her own national existence in the maintenance of the Austrian Monarchy*. But the Cabinet of Vienna is not engaged in consulting the interests of the monarchy, or the peace and balance of power in Europe; it is actuated solely by the vengeance of ministers and generals humiliated by the reverses they have suffered in Hungary. The consequences of such a policy are already at hand: it cannot be denied that the Italians, a great portion of the Germans, and above all the Slaves, are at the present moment equally discontented with the Austrian Government as the Hungarians; but with this difference, that whereas Hungary had only her own resources to rely upon, the Slaves, allied by religion and language, labour in the cause of the Russian propaganda, and will eventually throw themselves into the arms of Russia, in order to separate from Austria.

But the friends of the Austrian Government may say, that the Czar will not support them; that if he had desired the dismemberment of Austria, he had only to leave the accomplishment of this to the Hungarians. We answer, that the cases are widely different: if the dismemberment of Austria by the Hungarians was not for the interest of the Czar, the same object effected by the Slaves might very well be so: the establishment of a Slavish federation, under the direct or indirect protectorate of Russia,—an obedient auxiliary in all her projects on the East, on Germany, and perhaps on France, and, above all, less exposed

than Greece to the disagreeable surprises of the English fleet,—might well suit the views of that Power.

But if the evils which lie in the future may be questioned, those which already exist cannot be disputed. Has not Austria already ceased to be a bulwark, a guarantee, of the balance of power in Europe? Is she not rather proved to have become a mere instrument of the Czar, by the very fact that he is able to deal such a dangerous blow? With this sword of Damocles suspended over her head, can she in any one instance act contrary to, or even independently of, Russia?

Such is the present condition of victorious Austria, and this state of things is mainly attributable to the acts of the Austrian Government; for if, previously to March 1848, the position of that monarchy had already difficulties to encounter, it is certain that the present state of Austria, the dependence which this incorporation of Hungary will eventually render absolute, must be attributed principally to the mischievous attempt at centralization of which the war in Hungary was the first, but not the last, and perhaps not the most sanguinary, result.

The *contre-coup* of the February Revolution was manifested at Vienna in a movement of nationalities: the different countries of the Empire demanded a national and constitutional existence. The German Provinces and Vienna raised the standard of the German Union, the Slaves hoisted the tricolor, the Hungarians their national banner. To judge how universal and irresistible was this movement, it suffices to observe that the Court itself was actually obliged to replace its ancient colours with the German tricolor; and that the Emperor, surrounded by his family, was seen one day on the balcony of his palace, waving with his own hand a German standard, amidst the huzzas of an immense multitude.

But if it was easy to see the danger, it was not less so to perceive the remedy; never were nations so different better disposed, or more capable of being formed into a firm and durable federation.

Whatever those may say who only judge by the result, there was at the period of which we are speaking no one nationality, except the Italian, who had entertained the slightest intention or desire to separate from the rest. But among all the constituent portions of the Empire of Austria, the nation the furthest removed from any such a thought was certainly Hungary. This assertion may appear astonishing to those who have only a superficial knowledge of the events of 1848, nevertheless nothing is more true and more natural. Hungary having obtained, by the laws of 1848, the guarantees which she deemed

necessary to secure her national existence, threatened by the proximity of Russia, and beset with dangers from the hostile position of the Slaves, had no imaginable reason to incur the risks of an isolated existence. At the period in question, the idea of separation had not arisen—at least, it had acquired the support of no party; it was the Austrian Government which subsequently first gave to it a party, and afterwards an entire country. It was the Ban Jellachich, with his armed Don-Quixotte-iade, who, first drawing the sword in the cause of separation, gave to it a party; it was the reply of Prince Windischgrätz, that he did not treat with rebels, and above all the March Constitution, which raised in this cause an entire nation, demanding simply guarantees for its constitutional existence.

But the principal accusation brought against Hungary is that of having taken advantage of the weakness of the Austrian Government, to extort the laws demanded and obtained in the days following the Vienna Revolution, and of having thereby, and especially by the demand of an independent ministry, sought to accomplish its separation from Austria.

It is true that the Austrian Government was beset with difficulties at the period alluded to; but have not all those nations which enjoy constitutional rights obtained them at similar moments? When sovereigns have powerful armies at their command, and are free from embarrassment, they have no predilection for granting rights; in saying which we are far from wishing to attack the principle of royalty, for it is in the nature of the executive power to seek to extend rather than to diminish its rights. Hungary cannot then be reproached for having taken advantage of the only moment when she could obtain without revolution or bloodshed such guarantees as had become necessary to her constitutional existence.

When in 1809 Napoleon, entering Vienna as a conqueror, proposed to the Hungarians to form an independent kingdom, under a king of their own choice, the Hungarians, notwithstanding the continual violation of their rights, of which they had more than ever reason to complain since the time of Maria Theresa, declined this offer, but at the same time made no use of these advances, which they might easily have turned to their advantage. And what were the results? The parliament, which during the danger was convoked, in conformity with the law, every three years, from 1802 to 1812, was not again summoned for twenty-five years; and, still further, in 1823 an attempt was made to destroy the Constitution by force. After such lessons, then, Hungary cannot be reproached for having chosen a propitious moment to demand the guarantees

which she believed necessary; nor can she be charged with having taken unjust advantage of the position of the Court, unless it be first proved that her demands were neither founded upon right, nor offered a necessary guarantee to her national existence, but were instigated solely by the desire of accomplishing a separation of Hungary.

With respect to the historical right of demanding an independent government, we shall not seek to prove this by the ancient laws of the country, which place it beyond a doubt; it is sufficient to show that Hungary had never ceased to enjoy that right both *de jure* and *de facto*—simply with more or less restriction.

Previous to 1848, Hungary had her legislative chambers, which, independent of every other power, interpreted, abrogated, and enacted new laws, obligatory on the kingdom and the king of Hungary, from the moment when, as in every constitutional country, they had received the royal assent. The kingdom of Hungary had therefore a complete legislative independence.

The civil administration was organized in the following manner:—All the magistrates, up to the rank of sub-lieutenant (*Főispán Obergespan*), were elected by the fifty-two counties into which the kingdom was divided: the control and chief direction of the departmental and municipal administration were exercised by the supreme Council of the civil administration (*Statthalterei-Rath, Helytartótanács*), which, constituted in fact the ministry of the interior. The executive power, represented in the counties by the lord-lieutenant, appointed by the king, was centred, together with the supreme direction of the whole civil and judicial administration, in the hands of the Royal Chancery of Hungary; and its head, the grand chancellor of the kingdom of Hungary, residing at Vienna, near the person of the king, was the supreme councillor and head of the Government. That he was second in authority, legally at least, to no one except the king, is proved by the fact, that no decree, ordinance, or royal nomination issued with relation to Hungary, was ever signed by any other person than the chancellor. If, then, previous to 1848, the civil administration of Hungary was not altogether independent, being subjected to the unseen influence of the Austrian ministers, it has never ceased to be separate *de facto* and independent *de jure*.

Whilst the charges of administration throughout the rest of the monarchy were defrayed from the common treasury, Hungary herself furnished the expenses of her administration and the costs of the army by taxes, which were voted by the parliament: and whilst all the rest of the monarchy was considered re-

sponsible for the debt contracted by the Austrian Government, no one previous to 1848 ever suggested that Hungary participated in this debt. The crown lands and the financial department were administered by a separate office (the *Hungarische Hofkammer*), established at Buda. Even the coinage of Hungary differed from that of the rest of the monarchy. If, therefore, Hungary, previous to 1848, had not an administration of finance entirely regulated and independent, it had an administration of finance separate *de facto* and independent *de jure*.

The administration of justice, the civil and criminal code, the tribunals of every kind, were completely independent and separate. We see, therefore, that in almost all its functions the Government of the kingdom of Hungary was nearly independent previous to 1848, and that the demands which the Hungarians made and obtained by the laws of that year were merely changes rendered necessary by the change of circumstances.

Before the year 1848, the constitutional life of Hungary had reached that point at which, opposed to and counteracting the ambitious projects of a Government exercising an absolute sway over the other provinces, it must necessarily have either been abolished or guaranteed by the responsibility of the ministers. The collegial government of the council of state, irresponsible in its nature, and the royal chancery, chosen without regard to the majority of the legislative chambers, could no longer continue, and were obliged to give place to a government more conformable to the increasingly developed spirit of the constitution. But if a modification of the Collegial Government was urgently required even before the revolution of Vienna, the consequences of that event rendered this absolutely imperative. After the promise of a responsible ministry had been obtained, Hungary had only one of three courses to follow:—to renounce her national freedom and independence, which she had enjoyed for ten centuries, and quietly to submit to her incorporation into a state which was yet to be created, in order to share in the promised control over the government; secondly, to separate from Austria, by declaring her complete independence; or, if disinclined to follow either of these courses, to acquire guarantees, protected by which she would have no interest in separating from Austria, nor any danger of losing her national existence.

As soon, therefore, as the responsibility of the ministry was promised to the provinces of Austria, Hungary must either have remained the only country devoid of influence upon the government, or have renounced her national and independent existence, in order to participate in the control promised to the

legislative assembly of the other provinces. No one surely will reproach Hungary—the only settled constitutional state in Austria, forming nearly one-half of that monarchy—for not desiring to be the only state destitute of influence upon the government; there remained, therefore, we repeat (beside the alternative of an entire separation), either to submit to a voluntary incorporation of Hungary, or to obtain guarantees which might render the union equally desirable and easy. To abandon her independence, her time-honoured institutions, for ephemeral promises, obtained behind street barricades, in a mob demonstration called a revolution—was this the course for Hungary to adopt? Was she called upon to destroy, by her own act and deed, a constitutional existence, maintained for eight centuries, ingrafted into the manners and habits of life of her people, endeared by historical reminiscences and the struggles it had cost her, endeared recently still more to the aristocracy by those very sacrifices which they made for its preservation in abolishing the feudal privileges, and to the people at large by the material benefit and political rights obtained by the last Legislature, which made them at the same time its common possessors and guardians?

It was at the very moment when the constitution of the country was re-purchased, so to say, a second time by the aristocracy, at the cost of immense sacrifices, and rendered the property of the whole nation, that they were required to sacrifice this ancient constitution—and to what? to a constitution demanded heedlessly in the streets, and conceded by fear! Ask Englishmen, whether they would exchange their historical constitution for any other, even theoretically more perfect. Many will be found ready to consent to changes in the ancient constitution, but none would desire to see it superseded by a perfectly new one; because an historical constitution alone, gradually adapted to the requirements of a nation, is established on a solid foundation. The constitution of a people is like a tree; the past even is not lost, but forms the root, which, although underground, gives vitality to the whole tree. No people who have enjoyed an historical constitution would be willing to exchange it for a totally new one, even if it offered the same advantages and the same liberty. But this was not the only point in question for Hungary; it was not merely a question of exchanging a constitution based on history, and adapted to the present condition and wants of the country, for one of those constitutions granted in one street and retracted in another; but whether Hungary was prepared to renounce a national existence, a political independence, frequently menaced, but never lost, during a period of nine centuries—to bear the

burden of an enormous debt, of which she had never shared either the liability or the benefit — to sacrifice her material interests for those of a country already in possession of a great industrial advantage — to yield up her national legislature, her precious rights of self-government—to ruin the capital of the country, by converting it into a provincial town—and to incur all this sacrifice, merely for the phantom of a constitution, adverse to all the interests of the country, secured by no guarantees, and which would, in all probability, terminate with the danger and the fear that gave it birth!

Nevertheless, the desire to incorporate Hungary on the one side, and the anxiety to secure her historical independence on the other, explain the whole history of the Hungarian war, which was, in reality, never anything more than a resistance to the centralizing tendencies of the Austrian Government, increasing in energy only in proportion as the violence of the attack augmented.

When, after having given the laws of March, the Emperor appointed Jellachich, the champion of the reactionary Court party, Ban of Croatia, the Hungarians merely demanded of the Court that he should be obliged to observe the laws which had been sworn to by the king. When, at a later period, on the one side, Jellachich declared openly that he was not disposed to respect the laws, and, on the other, the Minister of War, Latour, sent, contrary to his solemn declarations, officers and cannon to the Serbs, then in revolt in the Banat, the Hungarians contented themselves with organizing a force of ten thousand men to reinforce the Austrian troops which kept the Serbs in check, and demanding of the Court the dismissal of the Ban Jellachich. It was not until the moment when the latter had crossed the frontier, at the head of an army of sixty thousand men, announcing his intention to march upon Pesth, that the Hungarians commenced organizing some battalions of volunteers to oppose him; and it was only at three leagues' distance from the capital that a force of thirty thousand men could be assembled, still under the command of an Austrian Archduke. It was not until after Jellachich, a fugitive, was appointed by the Court governor of the country which he sought to invade, and commander of the army before which he actually fled, that it was decided to pursue him up to the walls of Vienna, where Prince Windischgrätz had meantime organized an army. It was not until after the accession of the new Emperor, without taking the customary oaths—without addressing a word to the Hungarians, except to call upon them to submit, not to the laws, not to any conditions which he might then have dictated, but to the will of Prince Windischgrätz—that the Hun-

garians refused to recognise Francis Joseph as their legitimate King. It was not until after the most distinguished and moderate members of the two chambers, despatched to Prince Windischgrätz with proposals to accept any conditions not absolutely contrary to the honour of the country, were sent back and soon after imprisoned by Windischgrätz, that the resolution to defend their liberties on the plains of Hungary was adopted by the mass of the people, who, tired of the contest, were ready to accept any sacrifices except dishonour. It was not until after the March Constitution solemnly pronounced that sentence which the previous conduct of the Austrian Government had led to anticipate—the abolition of the independence of Hungary—that the deposition of the House of Hapsburg was decreed.

But, alas! such is at times the unnatural position of society, that moderation in the exercise of power, the most rare and admirable virtue in a victorious people, becomes the cause of their ruin, and consequently a political crime. This was the case in Hungary; it was this which caused the fatal hesitation to pursue Jellachich at the time of his flight to Vienna; it is to this character of passiveness, attached to a movement defensive in its origin, that must be attributed the fatal resolution of General Görgey to direct his attacks on Buda, after having completely defeated the Austrian army, instead of marching upon Vienna, which might have been taken without resistance. Nevertheless, this very reluctance to pass the limits of self-defence, which deprived the victory of its advantages, is at the same time the most incontestable proof that the object of the war was not to propagate revolutionary ideas, but a simple defence against the aggressive projects of the Austrian Government; and that the Hungarians, at the sacrifice of all these advantages, on every occasion arrested their march on the frontier of the country whose liberties and independence they sought to guard.

It is beyond our purpose to give a detailed narrative of the events which have debased Austria; this is a task which history will one day fulfil; we have merely referred to the events of the past to prove that the Hungarian movement was not a revolution to obtain new liberties, but a struggle to guard those already possessed—not a contest in favour of democratic theories, which would have found no champions in a country which boasted especially of having obtained her liberties without bloodshed, but a resistance to projects and a system of centralization, by which it is now attempted to establish Austria on a basis of strength. But, it will be said, whatever was the cause of these events, the resistance of Hungary having been subdued, the danger has ceased, and there is no longer any

obstacle to centralization. The very reverse is the truth: the hatred and obstacles which oppose this system have actually increased since the termination of the war; for it is the use which has been made of victory in Hungary that has taught the other peoples of Austria to comprehend the true signification of this system. Never has the organization of an Austria, one and centralized, had more obstacles to encounter than now.

Every sensible man, possessing any knowledge of the movement which has changed the ancient condition of Austria, must have felt beforehand that the unity of that State—even supposing the Court to have acted with good faith—could only be obtained by the suppression of all existing nationalities, and that liberty was impossible in a state which had to be erected on the ruins of a great portion of the empire.

But although some of the political chiefs among the Austrians and Croats saw the impossibility of establishing Austria on a joint basis of centralization and freedom, the mass of the people, always ready to be seduced by specious promises, were especially so in Austria, which possessed no political institutions calculated to elicit or develop public opinion. The people, who a few weeks before had not dared to hold any *political opinion* whatever, astonished and proud at the notion of enjoying *political rights*, were admirably disposed to imagine themselves the authors of all that was done in their name. Thus it was, that for some time the idea of an Austria, united and free, and of a united empire founded upon a *democratic basis*, as the minister Bach cautiously termed it, had a certain popularity, although nothing was more contrary to the expressed wishes and opinion of the people than what was enacted in its name.

It is this popular political ignorance which enabled the Austrian Government to employ the jealousy of the Croats, the Bohemians, and the hope of material advantages at Vienna, to overthrow the independent existence of Hungary, promising to one a great *national* future, to the other unity and a free government, and the material advantages which would result from the incorporation of Hungary. But successively, and in proportion as the hatred excited by Austria was effaced, and the true tendencies of the government were by degrees developed, the co-operation of the Slaves became weaker; for no one fought to obtain the results which have followed the victory in Hungary, and had it not been for the arrival of the Russians the auxiliaries of Austria would have actually turned against her.

The Slaves, who aided Austria to overthrow the independence of Hungary, hoped, in their culpable ignorance, to obtain the privilege of which that country was despoiled—a national

independence ; as if a Government which had violated the rights of one country would, or even could, respect those of another ! But the Slaves little imagined they were fighting the battle of German unity and centralization, to which they should be required to sacrifice, not only the independence they hoped to obtain in taking up arms against Hungary, but even the national existence which they already enjoyed.

The best and most incontestable evidence of the general hostility to the present system of centralization, is the fact that Vienna, the only spot in the monarchy which might be naturally expected to profit, and especially in a material point of view, by centralization, is still kept permanently in a state of siege, on account of the discontent manifested there. Far therefore from Austria, in her present position, being strong and united, it must be admitted that she has never been weaker or less united than now.

Previous to the victory in Hungary, and the centralization proclaimed in consequence, each of the nationalities composing the empire of Austria, entertained the hope of receiving a national existence, of the establishment of a new constitutional Austria : every one of these peoples *sought to preserve the integrity of Austria with a view to the interest of their own nationality—at the present time each one desires the fall of Austria, from the same motive.* We may be asked for the proofs of this assertion : those who will read attentively the events of 1848, will there find the proofs, and will at the same time learn to understand how Austria has survived her defeats, and how it is to be feared that she will have more difficulty in surviving her victory.

Such is the position of Austria after her victory, and by her own fault ; for after having, on purpose to embarrass Hungary, inflamed all the nationalities, down to their smallest fractions, by insensate promises, she is now under the necessity of deceiving them all, having held out promises to one at the expense of another. To what a pitch of absurdity the national pretensions of the smallest fractions were excited, is sufficiently proved by the fact recently announced in several Viennese journals, that the Gypsies inhabiting the different parts of Hungary, and in number estimated at about one hundred thousand, dispersed by four and five in a village, have sent a deputation to the Emperor, to obtain the acknowledgment and equality of their nationality, conformably to the promises of the Austrian Government ! But if these Macchiavellian expedients in some cases produced effects equally absurd and ridiculous, who could account for the unheard-of atrocities of the war of extirpation in the Banat and in Transylvania, fomented

and conducted by Austrian officers, in virtue of the same principle?

It may be easy to create artificial animosities, but it is impossible to perpetuate them. Thus, to revert to the position of Austria at the present moment, all the sources of hostility are exhausted, all the various nationalities have been in turn deceived; and the question naturally arises, where can the Austrian Government look for support in the first emergency of danger to which the present events in Europe may give rise? There remain to be further deceived only those who had the remarkable *naïveté* to put faith in the convocation of a central parliament, which, like another Tower of Babel, should be called to exercise a constitutional influence upon the government of the monarchy.

Hungary, alone constituting nearly one-half of the Empire, governed by a blind spirit of vengeance, exasperated by the abolition of all that is dear to a people, reduced to a state in which she has nothing left to lose,—Italy, kept in subjection by force of arms,—the Serbs, the Croats, the Bohemians, &c., forced by centralization into a unity contrary to the desires and interests of these peoples,—all the capitals of the Empire in a state of siege,—the finances in hopeless disorder, which it is vainly endeavoured to remedy by the most odious measures, such as forced loans, sequestrations, &c.—on every side the reign of force, nowhere any reconciliation of interests,—what hope can be entertained of the stability of such a state? How shall it encounter all the newly arisen dangers, or what power can restrain such elements of discontent? It may perhaps be replied, by the army. Let those who would base their hope upon this support, bear in mind that this same army, at a time when the discontent was not so general, and the Government had auxiliaries in some of its peoples, was insufficient to resist the power of a single country:—would it *now* be able, when, after having deceived every people, it cannot reckon upon the assistance of any one amongst them? If it is attempted to repose the *status quo*, or, as it is ironically called, ‘order,’ in Europe upon such a basis, how can it be expected to resist the slightest shock?

We pretend not to foretel the result of a new conflagration—the necessary consequence of the blind conduct of a Government which chooses, as the basis of its reconstruction, a system of policy that led the former government to the brink of destruction, and into the arms of Russia; we content ourselves with suggesting the possibility that the consequences of a fresh outbreak might extend beyond the frontiers of Austria; for no optimist even can deny that the present state of Europe

is anything but stable. Who will venture to affirm, that the measures at present enacting in Austria have a mere local interest, with which other nations have no right to interfere? From the moment when the principle of non-intervention was violated, this principle gave way to the only one which could replace it—that of universal intervention and mediation. Since the principle has been abandoned which prevented one Power from interfering in the internal affairs of another, Russia and Austria have taken upon themselves the duty of regulating the affairs of all countries which they believe inferior in power. Since the armed intervention in Hungary, all the countries of Europe, with the exception of England and France, have had to submit to the counsels, more or less imperiously dictated, of Russia. The affairs of the Duchy of Schleswig, the German question, that of the Hungarian refugees, the affairs of Germany and Greece, have been alike subjected to this influence; whilst in all these questions, Russia, or, by her order, Austria, has arrogated the right of announcing openly her will—her *fiat* rather—supported by menaces.

In the face of this permanent intervention, exercised by the absolute Powers, what is the duty of those Governments which have the happiness to watch over and protect the interests of powerful and free countries? Is it to abandon the influence they possess, and passively to await the progress of the evil, or to exercise it in favour of the principle they represent, that spirit of order which alone promises permanence—order based upon liberty? France, wavering between two extreme principles, is incapable for the moment of exercising an influence upon the affairs of Europe; it therefore devolves upon England, who, by her power, and by the happy use which she makes of liberty, is its most worthy representative, to watch over the interests of that principle which has rendered her great and prosperous.

To direct the course of events, or to submit to their consequences—to dictate laws or to obey them—this is the question. If there is a people peculiarly capable of exercising an influence on foreign politics, it is the people of England; and if, hitherto, they have almost wholly left these affairs to the Government, it was because these questions being almost exclusively dynastic and enveloped in the mystery of diplomacy, they had neither the desire nor means of judging of them. But in proportion as the question becomes simplified between absolutism, seeking to destroy liberty under every form and designation, and free government—between free trade, which enriches industrious peoples, and monopoly, which tends to amass wealth in the treasuries of the sovereigns—the people of England, the most industrious and free, cannot longer

remain indifferent ; they must and will look on with increasing interest.

In England the sentiment of national honour is so keen, the estimate of interests so just, the means of action and internal security so great, that a Government which is resolved to avail itself of these advantages, runs no risk of failing in its designs, or of compromising the national honour : it is only when the Government does not seek to protect the interests and the honour of England that any such risk exists. It is only if the Government should separate itself from public opinion, and, by a culpable connivance, leave the management of affairs to men who have interests contrary to those of the English people, that occurrences could happen tending to tarnish the honour, and adverse to the interests, of Great Britain. If called upon to advise, we should say—Trust not to those who maintain that England should abstain from taking any active part in foreign politics ; for it is these very men who desire to act the most, by encouraging others to act.

With such advantages at her disposal, it is easy to judge what is the policy most suited to the dignity and the interests of England—whether to wrap herself in an ill-calculated egotism, abandoning all influence to those who, well aware that Europe will never tranquilly submit to despotism so long as there is one country great in the enjoyment of liberty, consider their task unaccomplished until they shall have ruined England—or whether the policy of this country engages her to occupy the position which is her due, of protecting her own interests by protecting the cause of rational liberty. To occupy such a position, England requires no propaganda—still less any armed propaganda ; nothing more is necessary than, either to impose the principle of non-intervention upon *all*, or not to remain the only Power devoid of influence on the destinies of Europe.

Suppose, for an instant, that England were to side with absolutism, as it is represented by some of the continental sovereigns, without speaking of the material consequences, what would be the moral effect of such a policy ? The ranks of the Socialists and Republicans would be immensely increased ; for seeing all the monarchies conspiring against public liberty, men would feel that every hope was gone so long as monarchy existed ; they would attribute all the evil, not to the abuse of the monarchical principle, but to the principle itself. Those who would reconstruct the political fabric of Europe, after the changes which it must undergo, on the basis of monarchical principles,—and these still form the great majority of the nations of the continent,—would no longer have any monarchy to hold up as a model,

which not sharing the faults of the rest, might be exempt from the hostility which the greater part have merited.

There could not be a more inconceivable policy, than that which should seek to identify what possesses the internal elements of strength with that which is weak by its own fault,—a policy that would confound the fate of a monarchy which by its good faith has taken deep root in the affection of its people, with that of dynasties which, by their bad faith and bad policy, have lost the respect and support of their subjects. Who would maintain that now, when the perilous results are becoming daily more imminent, the English monarchy should seek to expiate the consequences of the crimes and errors which commenced with the dismemberment of Poland, and of which England has never shared either the advantages or the responsibility? No, it is impossible—it would be to betray the interests of the people, the monarchy, and the dynasty of England. The further the English monarchy stands apart, the less it will suffer from the fall or the dangers of the rest. It is a strange delusion, therefore, to believe that it is for the interest of England to make common cause with those sovereigns who have done more to endanger the monarchical principle than all the republican propagandists could have effected. Let those who counsel the English Government to isolate itself in an impossible neutrality, or who desire that it should follow the mad policy of some of the continental sovereigns, reflect that such a course would be nothing else *than to abandon the present to the Russians and the future to revolution.*

If, then, according to these views, it appears incontestable that England, in common with all the liberal portion of Europe, cannot remain an indifferent spectator of acts which impede or endanger the peace, prosperity, and the balance of power in Europe, we think it equally evident, that amongst all the dangers which darken the political horizon, the position of Austria is one of the gravest, and merits, nay demands, before all others the attention of every liberal Government. Austria, based upon centralization—that is to say, the abolition of historic rights, the forced incorporation of three-fourths of the monarchy into a union contrary to the interests of all—will not only fail to recover her political independence, but be compelled to abandon herself more and more to the influence which has made her a tool in the hands of Russia. On the other hand, by desisting from this system, by consulting the true wishes and real interests of her peoples, Austria might gradually emancipate herself from the influence, or rather the dictation, of Russia. It is centralization, the cradle of absolutism, which, rendering impossible any conciliation with her own

subjects, and especially with the Hungarians, the most oppressed of all, imposes upon Austria the necessity of relying upon Russian support, and makes her a forced ally of all the projects of the Czar. It is this centralization which rendered it impossible for Austria to continue even the feeble and ineffectual opposition of Prince Metternich to the projects of Russia in the East. In a word, we venture to assert, and Europe at large will speedily be convinced of the fact (may it not be too late!) that *centralization in Austria is tantamount to the suzerainty of Russia.*

But this is not the limit of the danger to which the policy of the present Government of Austria is exposing the tranquillity of Europe; for the same system which has given rise to the internal dangers of Austria, which renders impossible on her part any opposition to the projects of Russia, prevents any pacific or permanent solution of the German question. It is the pretension of Austria to enter with all her non-German provinces into the union to be formed—that is to say, the centralization established by the Constitution of March—which has hitherto prevented any such settlement, and which accepted, from the only character, absolutism, which a union of such heterogeneous elements could have, and the enormous extent of her territory, would cause a new and serious danger to the balance of power in Europe.

Austria being scarcely able to suppress the discontent of her own subjects, and having to restrain the natural development of Prussia, and the desire of the German peoples to have an established government independent of foreign influence, her supremacy in Germany would be solely founded on the condition of her obedience at St. Petersburg.

The future is in the hands of Providence: it is impossible to foresee the distant fate of a monarchy based upon so many political errors, but it is at least certain that there is only one means of averting the dangers of the present, and perhaps of the future; this means is, to desist from the absurd idea of centralization, at once the cause and effect of so many evils, and to replace it by a federative system, capable of interesting the various parts of Austria in the maintenance of the Empire; above all, to restore to Hungary her independence and national rights, which is demanded, not alone by the interests of that kingdom, still less at the cost of the other parts of the Empire, but by the interests of Austria herself, and of all her provinces. For it is evident that so long as the Austrian Government withholds from the greatest kingdom of the monarchy its rights, it will never grant any real liberty to the secondary provinces; so long as it refuses to respect the historical rights of Hungary, it will still less respect the *octroyé* rights of the other

countries. Be it also especially remembered, that the voluntary co-operation of Hungary can alone extricate Austria from her state of absolute dependence on Russia; whereas it is clear to all who are acquainted with the character of that country, that no reliance can be placed on such co-operation until its ancient independence shall be restored.

Let those, therefore, who are entitled to proffer their counsel to the government of a State, to the preservation of which they have made the sacrifice of the principle of non-intervention, exert all their influence in favour of international rights, and of the ancient independence of Hungary. Not only does generosity demand, but prudence also prescribes, such a course.

We trust that Austria, and those who, after her example, suffering themselves to be dazzled by the array of bayonets just now at her disposal, are for ever talking of the power of that country, may become convinced, before too late, that Austria can never be powerful until she is able to reckon upon the voluntary support of Hungary, and that the sole means of obtaining this support is to restore to that nation its ancient independence without reserve and in good faith. The attachment of a people resembles the books of the Roman Sybil—it is purchased at a price increasing in proportion as its value diminishes. To grant, therefore, at the right time, and with a good grace, those rights which she might one day be forced to yield, would be the best policy for Austria, and the only means of effectually and really conciliating Hungary.

We should consider it a breach of sincerity, were we, in imitation of the venal journals of Austria, to say that the Austrian Dynasty could now, as formerly, reckon upon the attachment of the Hungarian nation. Austria has lost the affection of that people, and with good reason; but there still remains a motive of interest to secure the sincere co-operation of a nation, sufficiently reflective to make her revenge and griefs give way to her interests. Let Hungarians regain their historical independence, of which a heedless ministry have resolved to despoil them—give them back their country, and they will recover their patriotism. And this is as much the interest of Europe, as that of Austria or Hungary; for the existence of Austria can be an advantage to the other Powers, only as a balance to the power of Russia; but so long as her system is based on the suppression of the independence of Hungary, she will never occupy that position.

The incorporation of Hungary is as yet only upon paper; since the termination of the war, every day has increased the difficulties of the Government, and the conviction of all the

nationalities and all parties in the empire, that they must necessarily choose between centralization and liberty, which cannot coexist. The Austrian Government still hesitates; perhaps, the counsels of those who, during the events of 1848-49, gave incontestable proofs of their desire to preserve the empire of Austria, might decide that Power to desist from a system which will infallibly lead to her ruin. If not, if the Austrian Government is decided on continuing its present policy, and running all hazards, there remains only one means of securing the rest of Europe against the consequences of such a fatal system,—namely, to announce and to follow out the policy which, if pursued in the past would have prevented so many dangers to Europe, and which was expressed by Guizot in 1833, in the debates on the affairs of the East, in the following words:—‘Maintenir l’Empire Ottomane, pour le maintien de l’équilibre Européen, et quand par la force des choses, *par la marche naturelle des faits, quelque demembrement s’opère, quelque province se détache*, favoriser la conversion de cette province en état indépendant, qui prenne place dans la coalition des états, et serve un jour, sous sa nouvelle situation au nouvel équilibre Européen.’

Apply these words to Austria, and we see at once the policy which has to be followed toward that Power, unless the future destinies of Europe be abandoned to the chances of revolution. Let those who have the power to avert the evil, and who neglect to do so, reflect upon the responsibility which rests on them.

Brief Notices.

Sermons. By Joseph Sortain, A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin.

THESE sermons, though possessed of some merit, are, on the whole, not very much to our taste; particularly the brief preface—not because it is brief, for that *is* to our taste, but because it is so personal in its character, and so truly of the nature of a private diary of experience, that the feelings expressed do not belong to, and ought not, in our opinion, to become, the property of the public. Mr. Sortain is grieved that he could not produce better sermons, and begs forgiveness of his Master. We were tempted on reading this to ask, Was he compelled to publish, or required to publish, just these discourses? But we forbear.

Of the volume itself, it is our desire to speak with becoming respect, considering the station of the preacher, and the usefulness which we trust has attended his ministry; and yet we cannot estimate them so highly as could be wished—for, though they might possibly have been fit to preach to a very particular kind of audience, or to be read by a similar class of readers, we cannot think them adapted to accomplish any great end, or to acquire a lasting popularity. They have been written with much care and attention to the rhythm of sentences and the collocation of words. They display considerable ingenuity, are not deficient in manifest feeling, and, with few exceptions, are, perhaps, not wanting in correctness of theological sentiment, though something more of evangelical matter might have been advantageously infused into them. Still, we have no special fault to find in this respect; and are willing to make large allowances for the peculiarities of different minds in unfolding their conceptions of scriptural truth.

The topics chosen are not in general common-place, nor are they discussed in a common-place manner. On the contrary, in the construction of the sermons there is considerable ingenuity. We like best the first of the series, on the parable of the Pharisee and Publican; and worst of what we have read (for we will not profess to have read all), the metaphysics of the discourses on the influence of the Spirit in prayer. There are some things, of which this subject is one, that seem to lie beyond the sphere of a full and satisfactory explanation, till we ascend to the regions of perfect light—if, indeed, it will even then be given us to penetrate these mysteries of the Divine government. In the pulpit, at least, these themes should be treated with extreme judgment, and presented chiefly in the way of a plain statement of what the Scriptures actually declare, and what are the duties arising, or the consolations to be derived, from the facts or principles revealed.

Mr. Sortain does not allow himself sufficient space for the exercise of his powers; but, by a needless contraction of his subject within certain limits, compels himself to be superficial. Ministers are often found fault with for being too long; we reverse the charge, and say, both in preaching and printing, Mr. Sortain is too short. But our gravest objection lies against the frequent want of clear, intelligible statement, arising in part from an aim to be philosophical; and in part from a degree of affectation in the use of uncommon, and often unauthorized words and phrases. What should be a primary aim of the preacher, but to be understood—that he may be instructive and useful? At what should he supremely aim, but that ‘the common people should hear him gladly?’ Now, we should like to know what they could make, for instance, of the following statement, which is but a specimen taken from the mass:—‘It seems to us so sadly strange, and, if we may use the word, so miserably unphilosophical, to admit the idea of power at all—an idea which we cannot ignore, do what we will—in the physical world, and at the same time to exclude it from the region of moral life. It is true that, in our most scrutinizing analysis of material sequences, we never have detected anything

distinct from their proximate antecedents. Nevertheless, we cannot dispossess ourselves of the idea of power, which, as a divine force, passing through the entire series, is but faintly illustrated by a magnetic current. Our psychological inquiries bring us face to face with the fact, that man's purely spiritual will can become an antecedent to a purely material sequent.' To avoid being superficial, it might be well to study Barrow; and to be sure of being intelligible, it would be beneficial to peruse the pages of Addison.

Tracts of the British Anti-state-church Association. New Series. Nos. 1 to 5. *Tracts for the Million.* New Series. Nos. 1 to 13.

THE increasing energy with which the Anti-state-church Association has conducted its platform operations, has afforded most conspicuous evidence of the practical value of the organization. Through the press it has perhaps spoken less effectively; but the appearance of the above batch of new tracts, better suited, we think, for popular reading than some which have preceded them, may be regarded as an earnest of future efforts by which past deficiencies will be met.

No. 1—'Church Property in England and Wales'—affords a great deal of much-wanted information on a subject of practical importance, its object being 'to determine, as nearly as circumstances will allow, the actual amount of the ecclesiastical revenues of the country, and to indicate the various sources from which they are derived.' Great care has evidently been bestowed upon it. No. 2—'It's the Law;' or, the Churchman's Defence of Church-Rates Examined—meets 'the advocates of church-rates on that ground which, almost to a man, they are found to occupy, and which they seem to think is quite firm beneath their feet.' It is a curious collection of the many obligations which churchwardens and clergymen solemnly take upon themselves by oath, and which they systematically disregard. No. 3—'The Church in Chains'—is the contribution of a State-church minister, being an enumeration of a number of cases in which the clergy have been obliged to violate their consciences in the use of the burial service, extracted from a pamphlet bearing the title given to the tract. Of course the moral is supplied by the Association.

No. 4—'Address to Members of the Church of England;' No. 5—'Address to the Wesleyan Methodists of Great Britain and Ireland.' These two addresses were adopted by the recent Conference, and each is excellent of its kind. The first is a calm review of recent occurrences in the Establishment, suited to conscientious men within its pale, who are not altogether blinded by bigotry and ignorance. The second appeals to Wesleyans, in pointed and animated terms, to join a movement for the removal of a system especially hostile to their religious activities. It should be well circulated among the reforming members of the body.

Of the 'Tracts for the Million,' No. 1 is 'The Anti-state-church Movement—its Design and Tendency,' which, in the form of a dialogue, and in simple and perspicuous terms, explains both what voluntaries

wish and disavow. No. 2—'Plain Words to Perplexed Churchmen'—is a sign of the times, it consisting mainly of extracts from a Puseyite tract for 'Plain Englishmen,' in which Anti-state-church principles are, however partially, inculcated with great force; what is wanting in the text being suitably supplied in the comment. No. 3—'A Side-View of the State Church'—gives the sum expended on the Tithe Commission, by which 'the clergy have obtained larger incomes, and an improved tenure, chiefly at the cost of the poor.'

No. 4—'Political Dissenters: the Cry Examined'—is a spirited protest against a principle, the advocates of which are now far less numerous than formerly. No. 5—'Who constitute the National Church?' is a brief but conclusive argument, proving the right of the people to revenues now enjoyed by the Church. No. 6—'A Clergyman's Reasons for leaving the Establishment'—is a compilation from Mr. Dodson's honestly-written pamphlet. No. 7—'The State Church not the Cause of England's Greatness'—is a short appeal to history and to common-sense in relation to one of the many pretexts put forward in behalf of the Establishment.

No. 8—'Questions to Churchmen about Church Rates'—presses the *argumentum ad hominem* with considerable force, and could scarcely fail to convince, if other elements than those of sound logic did not enter into the case. No. 9—'Plain Questions Plainly Answered'—supplies, in brief compass, a clear exposition of the views of Anti-state-Churchmen, and a vindication of their reasonableness. Its attentive perusal will remove many misconceptions.

No. 10—'A Model Law'—is the act for establishing religious freedom, passed by the Assembly of Virginia in 1776. It is a brief but compendious epitome of principles, expressed in nervous and dignified style, and is an historical document of some value as a practical adoption of what our liberal statesmen are wont to regard as 'an abstraction.'

No. 11—'A Question that Concerns Everybody'—presses on the judgment and conscience an inquiry of the greatest moment, in the practical solution of which Churchmen and Dissenters are alike interested. No. 12—'Ought there to be a State-Church?'—gives twelve reasons in support of a negative reply, and should be read by all classes.

No. 13—'The Union of Church and State'—is a useful summary (from Mr. Noel's 'Essay') of the evils connected with the union, and the advantages likely to flow from its dissolution.

We observe that the last five of these tracts are also published as handbills, or placards, and that the 'Model Law' is handsomely printed and mounted, to be suspended from the walls of such as may desire to make all comers acquainted with such a manifesto of their principles. We have specified the contents of each of the tracts, in the hope that Anti-state-Churchmen will be induced to push them into circulation by all available means. Instructive, pointed, lucid, and earnest, they can hardly fail to produce impression on the minds of a thoughtful reader.

The Doctor's Little Daughter. By Eliza Meteyard (Silverpen). Illustrated by Harvey. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1850.

THIS is one of the most charming volumes for the young that we have for a long time perused. It is from the pen of a lady whose name is well known to the readers of periodicals, especially of 'Douglas Jerrold's Magazine' and 'Eliza Cook's Journal,' for many able articles in all that relates to the social and progressive condition of the people. This volume assumes the form of an autobiography, and from the life-like character of the scenes and personages introduced, we should say that it must be very much the author's own experience. We can see plainly in it the germs of that generous and glowing interest of the writer in everything that concerns human welfare and advance. The father of little Alice Tyne, the heroine of the story, a country surgeon, is one of those noble and kindly people who are a blessing to the population amongst which Providence sends them. His intense love of nature, and intense love of man, is infused into the heart of his little daughter in their rambles through a beautiful country and amongst his rural patients, and are precisely such as were calculated to produce a writer like the authoress, devoted to the work of instructing, elevating, and advocating the cause of the masses of the people.

The scene of the story is laid in a fine part of the country—from various circumstances we should say Shropshire or Worcestershire—and the woods, and hills, and ruins, are limned with a deep love and a strikingly graphic pen. The families and individuals to whom we are introduced have an old-world character and originality about them that proclaim them to be realities, and very fresh and attractive ones.

The story of Alice Tyne is, in the main, a sorrowful one. Her noble-hearted father attends more to other people's interests than to his own; falls into difficulties and distress, and dies early; but this shadow of the picture is so nobly relieved by a variety of pleasant lights, as to fall on the reader only as a pleasing melancholy. We have not for a long time read a book of any kind so rich in the freshness of its characters, or in the scenes which they inhabit. The old cathedral—the old sea-officer—Will Shakspeare, the sailor—the nobleman, and his beautiful house and grounds—the gypsies—the salmon-fishing at night—the old Catholic priests, and their organ and garden—Alice's fishing excursions with her brother Will, with his Homer, his Pindar, or his Tacitus in his creel—her visits to the book-binding shop of Tanner, the Wesleyan Methodist—the blind music-master, and the old quartermaster of the regiment to which her father had been surgeon, are all genuine sketches from life. The quartermaster is an original which, had we room, we would transfer to these pages.

The volume is beautifully illustrated from designs by Harvey, and altogether does equal honour to the author and the publishers. We would fearlessly place it beside Howitt's 'Boys' Country Book,' as a Girls' Country Book, rich in all that pertains to the country life of a girl.

God and Man : being Outlines of Religious and Moral Truth, according to Scripture and the Church. By the Rev. Robert Montgomery, M.A. London : Longman and Co. 1850.

MR. MONTGOMERY has certainly shown some sense of fitness in his selection of a title for his book, inasmuch as that title conveys to the mind no definite idea whatever ; and it is to be regretted, that he did not follow out the same principle in the body of the work ; in which case, we should have had an ordinary volume of miscellaneous sermons. Instead of this, the author has adopted the semblance of arrangement, and classified into the form of chapters the most unconnected portions of his ministerial compositions. Thus, under one general division, we find the three following topics in immediate succession :—‘ The immediate presence and personal agency of God—The Christ—Social omnipotence of *the press*.’ Another suggestive feature in the title is the expression, ‘ according to Scripture and the Church.’ It might have been supposed that the authority of Scripture was sufficient of itself, and could derive no corroboration from the Church, even if the Church bore any uniform testimony to divine truth, which it does not. Perhaps, before adopting this unmeaning form of words, it would have been well for Mr. Montgomery to have answered the following queries proposed to such persons by Archbishop Whately, in his second essay on the ‘ Kingdom of Christ,’ section 22. ‘ While,’ says his Grace, ‘ questions are eagerly discussed as to the degree of deference due to the decisions of the universal church, some preliminary questions are often overlooked, such as, When and where did any one visible community, comprising all Christians as its members, exist ? Does it exist still ? Is its authority the same as formerly ? Where (on earth) is its central supreme government, such as every single community must have ? Who is the accredited organ empowered to pronounce its decrees in the name of the whole community ? And where are these decrees registered ?’

There is very much in these discourses, the moral and religious tendency of which is excellent ; and the style, though incurably vicious, does not so continually present to the reader the image of the poetaster and the fop as we were prepared to expect. But of the logical faculty Mr. Montgomery is as nearly as possible destitute. Hence the volume before us is a collection of inconsistencies, in which, with perfect unconsciousness, the author occasionally insists upon such principles as utterly neutralize all the tame truth spread over the rest of his performance. In controversy, he is feeble to the last degree, and were he well advised he would never enter upon it. On the subject of sacramental efficacy, he wisely adopts this method, citing the opinions of others, but only exposing so much of his own, as to indicate that his mind is in fetters, which it has not the strength to break, and that his tastes incline him more to superstition and priestcraft than to the philosophic simplicity of the religion of the New Testament.

The author’s treatment of the State-church question is so indicative of bigotry and vagueness of perception as to be quite humiliating. We find him at p. 248, declaring that we are now suffering the ‘ mysterious curse of sacrilege,’ entailed by the alienation of ‘ the enormous mass of

consecrated wealth,' held by the Romish Church until the era of the Reformation. Anxious to show that the connexion between the Church and the State never had a beginning, he speaks (p. 251) of 'the closer approximation between the civil and the ecclesiastical power which occurred during the reigns of Henry II., Edward III., Henry VIII., and Charles II.,' and says that 'these were only the historical manifestations of *moral convictions which pre-existed in the minds of these monarchs!*' As an illustration of the absence of all settled views on this subject from the mind of the author, we may adduce two brief passages, which occur within two pages of each other, and are as felicitously contradictory as could be desired. They are in the following words:—

'Protestant dissent, Roman schism, Sectarian fanaticism, and every form of heretical teaching, have had their representatives in parliament; and hence, through the *vast pressure* on the civil power from dissenterism, the legislature is becoming *more and more paralyzed* when it attempts to deal with the one church of the country.' (P. 249.)

'The State in this country has up to the present moment been so *vitally influenced* by the spiritual life of the Church, that *it exceeds all the magical power of dissenting absorption* to drain out this influence from the State; and, if it could do so, what a skeleton of political helplessness would our boasted constitution then appear!' (P. 251.)

We repeat our advice to Mr. Montgomery to eschew logical controversy as he would a mortal sin. Better of the two that he should fall by the wiles of the malicious muse. In that failure the tenuity of his intellectual powers would not be so conspicuously shown in contrast with the noisy pomposity of his pretensions.

Sermons on Subjects of the Day. By Gilbert Elliot, D.D., Dean of Bristol. London: Darling.

THIS is a volume of protest against Tractarianism, which we have read with great pleasure for the sake of the exhibition it gives us of an energetic, vigorous, clergyman of the Arnold school bracing himself up like a man to grapple with the present position of his Church, and preach to his hearers about dangers that stare them in the face instead of the evils of Philistines and Pharisees, that have been in their graves for a millennium. The author is not, we suppose, technically an Evangelical; he is too manly and outspoken, as well as too liberal (and we were going to say sensible) for that; but if his sermons are to decide, he is a Christian man, and one who has worked himself clear of a great deal that blinds and deadens Christianity in the Church of England. Had we room for a quotation or two, we should be glad to make them, for it is long since we have met with such thorough boldness, in presenting what we deem right sentiment about ritualism, sacraments, and Christian priesthood, from a churchman as we find here. Some of our Establishment friends would think it a doubtful honour to have pleased 'democratic political Dissenters.' We are mistaken in our estimate of the author of these sermons, if, Dean as he is, he will refuse our hearty word of cheer.

Five Views in the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By Bayle St. John. Drawn on stone, by Aumont and Housselin. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

THESE drawings are intended to illustrate Mr. Bayle St. John's popular volume, 'Adventures in the Libyan Desert,' published last year by Mr. Murray. They are interesting as offering a representation of scenes never before depicted by the artist's pencil, and comprise the view of Garah; distant view of the Oasis of Sinah; general view of the Oasis; view of the fountain of the sun; and view of the ruins of Ombedydab, or temple of Jupiter Ammon. The scenes are remarkably curious, and some of them extremely picturesque. French lithographers, the first in the art, were employed, and the result has been five exquisitely tinted drawings, admirably executed, and remarkable for their delicate finish. The map has been most elaborately prepared and finely engraved. It presents the traveller's route from Alexandria to the little known, but interesting Oasis of Siwah, and every spot is marked with the most faithful accuracy.

To the readers of Mr. Bayle St. John's 'Adventures in the Libyan Desert,' this series of views will be extremely interesting. We feel assured, that those who feel truly curious in the revelations of travel, will avail themselves of this opportunity of becoming familiar with a region, at once so extraordinary and so little known.

Aletheia; or, the Doom of Mythology. With other Poems. By William Kent. London: Longman and Co.

ANY one acquainted with Elizabeth Browning's 'Pan is dead,' will have comparisons suggested on reading *Aletheia*, of a kind not favourable to the latter. But though not likely to be one of the great gods of poetry, Mr. Kent has sometimes a sweet song, and is always in full sympathy with the beautiful and the pure. The other poems are better than the more elaborate former part of the volume; they display considerable power. But why does Mr. Kent inflict a mythological glossary of a hundred pages on us, containing such recondite information as, 'Ambrosia, the food of the gods, tasting sweeter than honey and smelling odourously.' 'Delphi, the most famous oracle in the world, dedicated to Apollo.' 'Juggernaut, a sanguinary idol of the Hindoos?'

A Sunday in London. By J. C. Capes, M.A. London: Longman & Co.

MR. CAPES has strung together a number of fictitious incidents of a very common-place character, for the purpose of illustrating the state of the poor of London, and of proving that all religious communities are insufficient. His own panacea is the relaxation of 'the Puritan Sunday,' and the adoption of other amusements, since, he says, 'when England again laughs like a child, there will be some chance of her praying like a saint.' We do not think his volume likely to hasten the advent of either member of the antithesis.

Nineveh and Persepolis; an Historical Sketch of Ancient Assyria and Persia. With an Account of the recent Researches in these Countries.
By W. S. W. Vaux, M.A. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

THE object of this work is to 'bring together within a moderate compass what has been done by travellers, and whatever knowledge can be acquired from other sources, so as to present a convenient digest,' brought up to the present state of our knowledge of Assyrian and Persian remains, of much valuable information at present scattered through many scarce and expensive volumes. That accuracy of statement and judiciousness of selection, which are the main qualifications of such a work, appear to belong, to a large extent, to the author who has furnished a complete hand-book to the study of the history and antiquities of these countries. A full and clear, though rapid sketch of these ancient monarchies, extending to their modern condition, is followed by some interesting details of early eastern travel; and the remainder of the volume is devoted to the labours of Botta and Layard in Assyria, Porter in Persepolis, and the marvellous representation by Lassen and Major Rawlinson, of the cuneiform inscriptions. The volume is an admirable summary of these valuable contributions to a long subsequent history. Correct, clear, although condensed, the work of a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and withal interesting to the laziest readers, it cannot be too highly spoken of.

Lectures on Medical Missions. Delivered at the Instance of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

THE value of Medical Missions is only beginning to be appreciated. We rejoice to see that there exists one association for the purpose of sending out such missionaries, and that it has vigour sufficient for the production of such a volume as this. The lectures are all good; some of them of eminent power and beauty. The lecturers are Professor Miller, Rev. Wm. Swan, Wm. Brown, Esq., Rev. Jonathan Watson, Dr. G. Wilson, Dr. J. Coldstream; Dr. Alison supplies a prefatory Essay. We heartily wish success to the object that these gentlemen ably advocate.

Memoir of the late James Halley, B.A. By the Rev. W. Arnot. Glasgow: Bryce. Third Edition.

THIS memoir well deserves the distinction of a third edition. If it has not yet found its way among all our readers, we would earnestly urge its perusal, especially by young men of education. It is one of the most beautiful pictures, in our religious biography, of a man enriched with all knowledge counting it all loss for that knowledge which excelleth; of a man full of strong desires for a course of labour for God lying peacefully down and dying contented, though he had been permitted to do nothing.

Lives of Illustrious Greeks ; for Schools and Families. London : Religious Tract Society.

‘THESE lives of illustrious Greeks,’ says the preface, ‘are selected from Plutarch’s parallel lives in Greek, omitting some digressions which would be neither profitable nor interesting to the reader, and substituting for them such reflections as Plutarch might have made if he had been a Christian.’ This does not inspire much hope of the value of the said reflections, forcibly added to Plutarch ; and an examination of the book itself might supply a commentary on the words, ‘No man putteth a piece of a new garment upon an old ; if otherwise, then he teareth the new, and the patch out of the new fitteth not in upon the old.’

The English Party’s Excursion to Paris in 1849: Trip to America, &c. &c. By J. B., Esq. London : Longman and Co.

As no living man will ever read this book, it is a work of superogation to say anything more about it, than that it is made up of extracts from a prosy journal kept in Paris, America, and some English watering-places ; and that it is as dull and egotistical, as trivial and commonplace, as such productions usually are.

Cholera and its Cures: a historical Sketch. By J. P. Bushnan, M.D. London : W. S. Orr & Co.

A VERY careful and full collection of the circumstances attending the last outbreak of cholera in England. The tables in the volume are of especial value, and will well repay attentive study. The author is a believer in the saline treatment ; but any reader who does not agree with him may make his choice of a remedy from a table of proposed ones, occupying fifteen octavo pages.

Lights and Shades of Ireland. By Asenath Nicholson. London : Gilpin.

THE authoress of this volume is an American lady, whose strong benevolent impulses, and somewhat peculiar ways of exercising them, have made her known to the religious circles of England. She visited Ireland during the famine, was untiring in her efforts to lighten some small portion of that terrible load, and has now recorded her proceedings and what she saw in this volume. Added to the sketch of the famine, there are a history of Ireland and some notices of the early celebrities, saints, kings, and poets of the land. Of these we have nothing to say ; but the third portion of the work is painfully, terribly interesting, while the insight it gives into the character of its authoress leaves on us the highest impression of her devotedness, her energy, her purity of motive, and her success in her self-imposed exertions in the black years.

The Revolt of the Bees. Fourth Edition. Phoenix Library.
London: Gilpin.

WE cannot say much for the strength of argument which this volume presents in defence of co-operative instead of competitive principles. It is a somewhat clumsy allegory touching a hive or two of bees, who adopted the principle of every one for himself, and became very discontented, miserable, contentious, criminal bees accordingly. They are converted to the good old plan by being carried in spirit under the guidance of Alan Ramsay's ghost to Loch Lomond, where they see some communities of the lords of creation living on the social-union principles, and listen to discussions on the respective advantages of competition and association between an inmate and a Persian prince. The whole winds up with a grand tableau, in which the poet's ghost ascends a chariot, drawn by his grateful disciples, and realizing the famous Yankeeism, 'rides home on the end of a rainbow.'

Every voice helps to swell the cry, but there will need tones of more authority and power than any in this volume before the life-and-death controversy which it deals with, is forced, as it ought to be, on a prejudiced public. But it will come.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

The Wesleyan Methodist Missions in Jamaica and Honduras, delineated. Containing a Description of the principal Stations, &c. Illustrated by a Map of thirty-three lithographic Views, executed from Drawings taken on the spot. By Rev. Peter Samuel, twelve years Missionary in Jamaica.

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A Christian Jew on the Old Testament Scriptures; or, a Critical Investigation of the Historical Events, Institutions, and Ordinances, recorded in the Pentateuch. By Benjamin Weiss.

A Glimpse of Hayti and her Negro Chief.

Salvation. A Sermon, preached in the parish church of Crathie, Balmoral, before Her Majesty the Queen, Sunday, Sept. 22, 1850. By Rev. John Cumming, D.D.

Part XLV. of the National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Talent—Thebes.

Thoughts for Home, in prose and verse. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart.

Friendship with God. A Sermon, preached before the Bristol Association of Baptist Churches, held at Frome, May 22, 1850. By Charles Stanford, of Devizes. With a Preface, by John Sheppard, Esq. Third Edition.

Notes and Observations on the First Chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. By A. Corbem.

Concluding Notes and Observations on ditto. By ditto.

A Suggestive Manual (first part) of the Theory and Practice of Education. Containing a preliminary Lecture on that subject, delivered Saturday, June 22, 1850, at the College of Preceptors, 28, Bloomsbury Square, London. By S. C. Freeman, Examiner, &c.